

# The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

## McCarthy and Hitler

► IS SENATOR MCCARTHY the leader or potential leader of a totalitarian movement? Is he playing the Hitler to President Eisenhower's Hindenburg? The Senator's most bitter foes answer these questions in the affirmative. Yet ruthlessly opportunistic politicians and bullying demagogues have long been almost an endemic affliction of American politics; if characterizing McCarthy as a totalitarian means anything more than saying that his activities violate the essential decencies of a democratic society, it is important that we take a long, hard look at him in the historical perspective of the American political tradition and of the record of successful anti-democratic mass movements in other countries.

The facile analogies with Hitler that spring so readily to mind in the emotional climate the Senator's name evokes presuppose too much about his aims and his following that needs to be critically examined. Shameless lying, persistent impugning of the integrity of political opponents, detecting hidden conspiracies everywhere—these are certainly central ingredients of totalitarian politics, but they do not by themselves amount to “fascism,” either Black or Red. The label “totalitarian” is not one which should be bestowed freely, for we have by now in this painful century learned a few things about totalitarian politics, the most important of which is that they differ in kind and not merely in degree from the extreme political commitments that they superficially resemble. The more disreputable features of party conflict in a democracy, xenophobic nationalism, the authoritarianism of aristocratic, military, and clerical elites, the fervor of Utopian revolutionaries—all of these have a long past in post-Medieval Western Civilization and all of them have usually fallen short of fully realizing the “totalitarian potential” they contain.

Shrewd, cynical, and coldly realistic, McCarthy in many respects resembles Stalin more closely than Hitler, but like the latter he borrows most of his battle-cries from the ideological arsenal of the conventional “Right.” In the end it is of secondary importance whether totalitarian movements start out under “rightist” or “leftist” auspices for it is of their essence that they break down and transcend the accepted left-right dichotomy which corresponds broadly to the lines of conflict between stable economic interest groups. As Paul Kecskemeti has remarked, “it would seem that the Single Party could only consolidate its power when the social forces working for change converged with the social

forces of *inertia* in crushing and disarming all opposition.” (his italics)

Joseph McCarthy did not enter politics as a man with an ideological mission like Hitler or Mussolini. He appears to have begun simply as a blatantly ambitious political hack who, the story goes, even hung a sign reading “McCarthy for U.S. Senator” outside his tent in the South Pacific in 1944 when he was serving as a marine. He apparently selected the Communist issue quite on the spur of the moment: in 1950 he was in trouble with the Wisconsin voters as a result of his dubious financial dealings and sought to divert attention from this issue. Friends suggested that he launch an attack either on wasteful government spending or on “Reds in Government.” He chose the latter and a star was born. These beginnings are a far cry from those of the man who in *Mein Kampf* outlined his truly planetary goals of national and world domination a full five years before he was even close to the seats of power. McCarthy has no all-embracing pseudo-scientific ideology based on theories of race or of economics to sell. He has only one apparently limited issue: Communist infiltration of Government. But so far this is all he has needed to become what he has become. With leadership of the Republican Party or even the Presidency today becoming goals that

(Continued on Page 11)

### CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

MCCARTHY AND HITLER—Dennis H. Wrong .....	1
CURRENT COMMENT .....	2
CANADIAN CALENDAR .....	4
LONDON DIARY—Gordon Hawkins .....	6
HOW MUCH FOR THE MIND?—Kenneth Patrick Watson .....	7
ALL THAT GLITTERS—Sid Blum .....	9
O CANADA .....	12
THE COMPASSION OF W. H. AUDEN—Chester Duncan .....	12
ON THE AIR—Allan Sangster .....	13
FILM REVIEW—D. Mosdell .....	15
NFB—Gerald Pratley .....	16
MUSIC REVIEW—Milton Wilson .....	16
CORRESPONDENCE .....	17
FOR THE RECORD (Poem)—Alfred W. Purdy .....	17
BOOKS REVIEWED .....	17

## Current Comment

### Mr. St. Laurent's Tour

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### The Unobtrusive Bank of Canada

In contrast to the wealth of economic analysis and discussion which pours out of various American bureaus and agencies, the amount of contemporary interpretation of economic events offered to the Canadian public by its official research organs is sparse indeed. This is nowhere better demonstrated than in the Annual Report of the Bank of Canada, which, apart from the White Paper which accompanies the budget, is virtually the only official attempt to report on the state of the economy.

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special preserve. To say, as Mr. Towers does, that money conditions were comparatively tight in the first half of 1953 but easier in the second half is a generality of such monumental proportions as to be almost meaningless. When compared to the lengthy annual report of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board, to say nothing of the bi-monthly review of monetary conditions contained in the Federal Reserve Bulletin, this is pitifully inadequate.

The sketchiness of the Bank's literary endeavors is perhaps accounted for by its zeal to avoid public controversy of any kind, especially with the monetary cranks from the foothills. There is, however, a patronizing note in the Bank's reluctance to provide the public with information concerning the activities of a major public agency. The Bank's position seems to be that it is better to say nothing at all since most people won't understand what it's all about. This attitude may be conducive to peace of mind in Ottawa, but is scarcely

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79-year-old Hashem al-Atassi, a former President, as President and Sabri al-Assali, secretary of the Nationalist party, as Premier, and arrangements are being made to hold elections within two months' time.

The significance of this development is that it marks the end of a dictatorship and paves the way for the re-establishment of parliamentary government. It may also pave the way for the realization of the so-called "Fertile Crescent Plan," which has many advocates in Syria. This plan envisages a union or close federation of the states which comprise the Fertile Crescent, namely, Iraq, Syria, and Jordan. Shishakly was strongly opposed to this plan and thereby incurred the bitter hostility of the Iraq government which refused to recognize him. But Egypt and Saudi Arabia, who also oppose the plan, gave him their support. When Shishakly was ousted, it was natural that he should seek refuge at Riyadh, the Saudi capital.

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But it soon became evident that they had reckoned without the Egyptian public. The demonstrations in favor of Naguib were so violent as to make the Council feel it wise to modify its stand. Hence three days later, February 28, it announced that Naguib was continuing in office as President but that Colonel Nasser would move up as Premier. The test of strength had revealed, however, that Naguib had the masses of the people behind him. Emboldened by this knowledge he now pressed for and secured a return to the *status quo ante*. On March 8 it was announced that Colonel Nasser was reverting to his former position as Deputy Premier and that General Naguib would once more serve as President, Premier and Chairman of the Military Council. Whether Naguib has succeeded in gaining his original demand for dictatorial powers is not yet clear. It seems probable that he has decided not to press the matter for the time being.

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F. V. WINNETT.

# PAGES

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### Randall Report

The Majority Report of Clarence B. Randall's Commission on Foreign Economic Policy, which has recently appeared in the United States, is in sympathy with the main principles that have guided the actions of the United States in this domain since the war. As could be expected of a report written under Republican auspices, it emphasizes



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The Minority Report, written by two Republican Congressmen, sets off that of the Majority flatteringly. Though its argument is difficult to follow because of disjointedness and inconsistency, most gross protectionist fallacies can be found in it as well as a droll conception of the conditions under which production is carried on outside the United States: "... industries in this country have to be protected from unfair competition of sweatshop labor, child labor, collusion, monopoly and similar unfair competitive practices, long ago declared illegal in this country." It makes, of course, the best of national defence as an argument for protection. This Minority Report serves to remind us of the evolution in public opinion in matters of protection that has taken place in the United States since 1930. At that time the views it expresses would have won general approbation. Today *Life* considers the Majority Report to be too timid in its recommendations for the liberalization of trade.

H. C. EASTMAN.

## Syria and Egypt

The upheavals which have marked the Syrian and Egyptian political scene in recent weeks demonstrate once again the difficulty of getting the ship of state back on an even keel once it has been rocked by revolution. Parliamentary government in Syria may be said to have ended with the overthrow of the Nationalist government of President Shukry al-Kuwaitly and Premier Jamil Mardam by the Syrian Chief of Staff, Colonel Husny Za'im, in 1949. This upset was a direct result of the poor showing made by the Syrian army in the war with Israel in 1948. The army blamed its failure on the politicians whom it accused of incompetence and corruption. Having ousted the politicians, the military found it impossible to agree among themselves and the country has experienced one upheaval after another as various officers have seized control.

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## The O.S.A. Exhibition

To someone who has been away from Toronto for ten years, a marked change in the Ontario Society of Artists Annual Exhibition is apparent. This is not as obvious a statement as it sounds for a decade can mean very little in artistic trends and accomplishments, or in the attitudes of the public and the selection committee.

The pictures fall into three categories. First, there are the nationalist, topographical paintings, a continuation of Thomson and the School of Seven. These show fine craftsmanship and delicate feeling but say little that was not said by those pioneers thirty years ago. The noticeable change lies in the declining number of these consciously indigenous paintings, and the proportionate increase in forms of expression which transcend geographical boundaries.

The second group is a strangely late blossoming of a species of painting sown, reaped and now withering in other parts of the world. It is a product of Dada-ism, futurism, surrealism: non-objective and formless. It is, unfortunately, what is commonly thought of as "modern art." This style is not and cannot be representative of a viable modern art, for it is a sterile and futureless type of painting which has been explored by many painters and proved to be a blind alley. There appears to be no place for it to develop to. The use of form recedes, lines become more geometric, tone is sacrificed to purity of color until it must arrive logically at pure white. The inevitable result seems to be graph paper.

The feeling one derives from these paintings, though they may sometimes be pleasing to the eye, is that they are not art in themselves. They are a product of a functional industrial society and are waiting to be applied to something—such as wallpaper.

The third group, a few pictures to be picked out here and there, are best termed international. They are paintings whose qualities of clarity and uniqueness of expression touch a chord of response beneath the objective reaction. They show movement and vitality not only within themselves but within the artist and, happier still, they give the promise that further movement is possible and even inevitable.

The small selection of sculpture leaves one with the impression that we have some competent sculptors who are either too inhibited or lack the vision to give their work the breadth and scope that the medium can encompass.

If the O.S.A. can be assumed as typifying Canadian art, then the outlook is interesting. There is an element of experiment, and a heartening shedding of the self-consciousness of nationalism.

RICHARD T. LAMBERT.

## Canadian Calendar

\* The ten chartered banks in Canada last year had net profits amounting in the aggregate to \$30,386,000.

\* Canada's foreign commodity trade fell off sharply in January, both exports and imports not only declining as usual from December values but dropping substantially below those of January last year, according to preliminary figures by the Bureau of Statistics. The drop in value of exports exceeded that of imports.

\* On February 22 the judicial committee of the Privy Council, probably acting for the last time as the final arbiter of a Canadian legal action, ruled that the Canadian Government has sole jurisdiction over a U.S. bus line operating from Boston through New Brunswick to Halifax and Glace Bay, N.S.

\* At a press conference with Indian correspondents in New Delhi on February 24, Prime Minister St. Laurent rejected suggestions that U.S. military aid to Pakistan is a mistake, said Canada would be "very much concerned" at any arms deal between India and Russia and endorsed Prime Minister Nehru's appeal for a ceasefire in Indo-China.

\* The first complete study to be made of Ontario's jails and reform institutions since 1930 resulted in a recommendation to the Ontario Legislature on March 8 that a Commission of Correction be created by the province. Ontario's jails are more likely to steer inmates toward further crime than away from it, the Select Committee on Reform Institutions reported.

\* Prime Minister St. Laurent said at Seoul, Korea, on March 8 that Canada believes the free world will have to recognize Red China eventually. Mr. John Diefenbaker (PC, Prince Albert) said in Toronto that Canada must not recognize Red China or support her entry into the United Nations at this time, or for a long, long time to come, if at all.

\* On February 24 the United Automobile Workers of America sent a 125-man lobby to Parliament Hill presenting the Government and Commons with a full employment program aimed at stemming the rise in Canada's jobless. On the same day, the Government published its monthly unemployment figures showing about 524,000 persons looking for work through the National Employment Service on January 21. This was the largest figure since NES started operations in 1940-41. Simultaneously the Bureau of Statistics estimated unemployment at 280,000 during the week ended January 23.

\* An international black market in babies with its centre in Montreal has been revealed, involving a \$3,000,000 ring of doctors, lawyers, nurses, social workers, etc., who have shipped more than 1000 illegitimate babies from the Montreal area for illegal adoption in the United States.

\* The Board of Transport Commissioners turned down the railways' request for a 9 per cent freight-rate increase and hinted at a tougher policy toward rate increases from now on.

\* Value of construction contract awards of \$91,904,100 for February are an increase of \$6,491,000 over the same period last year, according to MacLean Building Reports.

\* The six-months strike of some 1500 miners at the Noranda Mine has been settled on the basis of a company offer of a 7½ per cent hourly increase for the men.

\* Alberta crude oil production reached a record 77,420,800 barrels in 1953, an increase of 17,932,205 barrels over the previous high output in 1952, the Petroleum and Natural Gas Conservation Board reports.

\* Two young Torontonians, Frances Dafoe and Norris Bowden won the world pairs figure-skating championship for Canada at Oslo, Norway, on February 16th.

\* The University of Western Ontario opened an exhibition of 17th century Dutch painting in its McIntosh Gallery toward the end of February. This is in continuation of its policy of presenting once a year, a very choice selection of masterpieces illustrating some definite contribution to western culture with an authoritative lecture on the subject. The exhibition included Hobbema's landscape, The Two Water-Mills, presented to Canada by the Queen of the Netherlands.

\* The Pope's new personal representative in Canada, Most Rev. Giovanni Panico, veteran Vatican diplomat, was welcomed on March 7 in Ottawa's Notre Dame Basilica by nine archbishops and bishops from across the country and some 1200 Ottawa faithful.

\* Describing British Columbia's 5-year old hospital insurance plan as unrealistic and unworkable, Social Credit Premier Bennett increased the sales-tax on many retail items from 3 to 5 per cent. At the same time, he dropped the premium payments, which amounted to \$39.00 per family per year.

\* Mr. T. W. L. MacDermot, High Commissioner for Canada in South Africa, has been appointed Canadian Ambassador to Greece. Mr. George L. Magann at present Ambassador to Greece becomes Ambassador to Switzerland.

\* The Immigration Department reports a 44 per cent increase in January arrivals to 8,080 from 5,627 a year ago.

\* On March 5, Premier Manning of Alberta placed a record budget of \$205,000,000 before the Alberta Legislature.

\* Three Nuffield Travelling Fellowships (provided by Lord Nuffield) of the value of \$2540 each, have been awarded to three Canadian scholars in the fields of the humanities and social sciences: Dr. S. E. Sprott of McGill, Dr. C. W. Dunn of the University of Toronto and Dr. W. S. MacNutt of the University of New Brunswick.

\* A Russian team won the world ice-hockey championship at Stockholm, Sweden, on March 7, by defeating a Canadian team 7-2.

\* In Victoria, B.C., on March 10, Ontario Welfare Minister Goodfellow called for a federal-provincial conference on Indian health, welfare and education matters in the course of an address to the British Columbia advisory committee on Indian affairs.

\* The Royal Conservatory Opera Company of Toronto is extending its activities beyond the bounds of the city this season. It is giving performances in Hamilton, Kitchener and London.

\* Net ordinary expenditure this year to March 31 of the Frost government in Ontario is estimated at \$361,167,000. Net ordinary revenue is estimated at \$362,176,000, leaving an interim surplus on ordinary account of \$1,009,000.

\* A jury appointed to choose the architect for a proposed National Gallery of Canada has selected the Winnipeg firm of Green, Blankstein, Russell and Associates. It was chosen from 103 contestants.

\* The Don Valley Conservation Authority of Toronto is erecting a cairn at the southwest corner of the eastern section of the Prince Edward viaduct to mark the site of Castle Frank, the country house built by Governor Simcoe in the spring of 1794.

\* Canada's scheduled air-lines carried 2,650,000 passengers on domestic and international routes in 1953 without a single passenger fatality, according to the Air Industries and Transport Association.

\* The Canadian Social Science Research Council announced on March 12 that 39 students have been awarded fellowships or grants to continue studies in the social sciences during 1954-55. The Rockefeller Foundation has provided \$30,000 for this purpose.

\* W. H. Cranston, publisher of the *Midland Free Press Herald*, was elected president of Class A Newspapers at the second annual meeting in Montreal on February 21.

*The Canadian Forum is interested in receiving articles on public affairs, science, art, and literature, especially in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country.*



INNER CONTRADICTIONS OF CAPITALISM



## London Diary

► THE ROYAL NAVY, the cost of defence and equal pay have all been matters of debate and demonstration in the House of Commons recently. But the discussion that will have the longest reverberations was that on the rearmament of Germany. The Labor opposition voted to support it by a very slender majority. It remains to be seen whether that position will be upheld at the Party's annual conference in the fall. There are a large number of M.P.'s, socialist writers and even local councillors of many persuasions who are prepared to sustain a protest between now and then in the hope that this decision will be reversed. The Conservatives are more solidly behind the idea as the inevitable outcome of the east-west deadlock. Some have their doubts. Mr. Eden himself admits that there are risks but argues that the E.D.C. with a German contribution is the one way of making Germany a supervised participant in European defence. Mr. Attlee argued for it, too, with the neglected reason that it is the one way of preventing that state of resentful brooding out of which German militarism has risen, fully-fledged, before.

Another aspect of this division of opinion within the Labor party—a division as yet without acrimony—is that it is not the old line-up of Bevanites versus the rest. There is a cross-section on both sides and many a member has found himself in unusual company. It is a disagreement that will not be easily resolved. However, there is great honesty, dismay and respect on both sides. Personal rivalries or smart manoeuvres will not be allowed to settle this one.

In the same Commons debate Sir Winston yet again brought love and rejoicing from the Labor benches. This time it came from his fervent hope that there would be more trade through the iron curtain. The more the two great divisions of the world mingle in the healthy and fertile activities of commerce, he said, the greater is the counterpoise to purely military calculations. His own mellowed greatness and the nature of the opposition's internal debate are both set in the right perspective by his own reference to "the present mood of the Socialist dissentients—I prefer that word than rebels" adding, however, that this might be because he was in a peaceful state of mind that day.

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The most popular form of sporting gamble in Britain is the football pool. At first sight the football coupon is an exercise in the higher calculus. Beside it an income tax return is an elementary test in basic English. Nevertheless, some ten million people master its mysteries every week and try to pronounce the results—win, lose or draw—of a given number of professional football matches. There are all kinds of permutations and combinations to beguile the winter evenings. The chances of a big success are remote. Occasionally a diligent form-filler or a wife who had never touched one before will suddenly win a jackpot of 200,000 dollars. It is a rare event. There are many smaller crumbs, varying in size from week to week, which fall from the pool promoters' table but chance, to put it mildly, outweighs skill. It is the kind of indulgence that receives a lot of criticism from those who do not need that kind of amusement to divert them from their day-to-day affairs. Obviously there are great evils in the excess of it and in the philosophy of easy gain which it could engender. But it would be difficult, in many cases, to distinguish clearly the satisfaction derived from the mystery and suspense of a football coupon and the satisfaction felt by the reader of a whodunit murder story.

The noise and dust of battle has just settled after a nation-wide argument had raged around the question of

whether the finances of this foible should be a more public matter. A compromise has now been reached but it was fierce while it lasted. It all began with a private member's bill which was allowed to reach a Second Reading with qualified support from the Government. The bill compelled the promoters to publish their accounts and to show that only a small percentage of the weekly 'flutter' was given up to advertising and profit and the other demands that reduce the size of the prizewinners' pile. Newspaper polls, Gallup polls, the pool promoters' own polls all set the issue on the level of national debate. Charges of 'spoilsport,' protests that the pools are puddles beside the great lakes of the horse-racing bets (which is true), a distorted brief from the promoters themselves—all this has made for a zest and ferocity in argument which the Briton can only give when he is sure that the foundation of his society is not at stake.

In a sense, the promoters—the Admirals of the Pools as A. P. Herbert calls them—have brought it all on themselves. They have been blandly referring to their clients as 'investors' and now they are being asked that the investor should enjoy the rights that any other shareholders may have under the Companies Act. The whole incident is part of the Puritan's dilemma. \* \* \* \*

The London Theatre had been showing signs of caution and a prolonged adolescence after the normal childhood habits of the Christmas season. "Alice Through the Looking Glass" had come up from the coast. "The Sleeping Prince," a new kind of pantomime by Terence Rattigan, was providing a gay but undemanding vehicle for the Oliviers. "Charley's Aunt" had had an inexplicable revival and "Sinbad the Sailor on Ice" had been seen by a million customers. Caution and profit were apparent at the Haymarket Theatre where a new play of modest dimensions will hold John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson and Lewis Casson. Knights all, together with Dame Sybil Thorndike and Miss Irene Worth, as comfortable captives for many a long month. (The Canadian following that Miss Worth must now have may not know that she was recently awarded the title of the best TV actress of 1953). Caution and superb direction were to be seen too in John Clements' current production of "Pygmalion."

Then, suddenly, hopes of maturity and new experiment revived. A new I. B. Priestley play, written in collaboration with his wife, Jacquetta Hawkes, appeared in Dublin and is expected in London shortly. Next, "The Big Knife" by Clifford Odets and a new play by Charles Morgan, "The Burning Glass" came to town. The Odets' play is a story of success, power and personal integrity in Hollywood. The theme is the weather-worn story of the man of acting talent trapped to play worthless parts because of his misdemeanours in that city of colourful vice. But it is played with a fullness of character and a rich man-handling of vocabulary. "The Burning Glass" was eagerly awaited. The writer of "The Flashing Stream" and "The River Line" was expected to present a tussle of high principle. Indeed, he has done so: should the scientist not refuse to divulge his new discoveries, whether they be for good or for evil, until man's power over himself is commensurate with his power over nature? But the play is too weakly constructed to sustain its ideas and the players are not characters but deliverers of good talk from pre-determined positions. The onlooker is not engaged. He does not feel involved in the issue. The London critics, like their New York confreres, were appreciative of the theme but intolerant of its enactment.

Not that this is all that the London stage can give. With forty live theatres in a flush of activity there is still a catholic choice.

The Stratford Festival—British version—enters its ninety-fifth season with "Othello" to be followed in turn by

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Troilus and Cressida."

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The art galleries of London, nearly all within a half-mile of Piccadilly Circus—have just now a richness and variety that has not been equalled since the Coronation. There is, first of all, an exhibition of the most recent work of Henry Moore. It still meets with some criticism in a mocking and ribald vein but, by and large, Moore is able to work now on a wide plane of acceptance. The centre-piece of this show is a large bronze "King and Queen", commissioned by the city of Antwerp. For all its bodily hollows and flats and blunted heads, these two figures, seated on a bench, have an incredibly commanding aura about them. A few minutes away, and by contrast, Raymond Mason, a young sculptor working in Paris shows some bas-reliefs of great fascination—a crowd boarding a Barcelona tram, and others. He has been well-received for the high promise of this, his first one-man show in London. A man with his second showing now in town is Rebeyle, the leader of the French revolt against the Ecole de Paris. He has had a very considerable success with this exhibition although some of his vast canvasses show a bold, scant respect for the possible buyer. Whether it is portrait, landscape or 'dead-life' he is doing, it is his use of paint, more than the treatment of subject, that holds the attention.

In an hour or two at Tooth's Gallery one can extract some expected pleasures from recent paintings of established modern masters. Some good examples of Sickert, Graham Sutherland and Matthew Smith occupy supporting positions to the two pre-Raphaelite tours de force of Stanley Spencer.

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With the increase of British investment in Canada, the interest in Canadian contracts and projects is spreading from the City Notes and financial columns to the more popular pages of the daily newspaper. It is not only the Seaway and Kitimat and the uranium of the north that get attention. If a British company defeats foreign competitors for a three million dollar order from the Quebec Hydro, that has a paragraph on the new page. When the C.P.R. orders another fifteen million dollar liner from Britain's Tyneside, interest becomes widespread. It is to be hoped that it will become still more general. There is still a distressing gap in the general knowledge of the Canadian economy. One interesting side to this is to be seen in the theatre. A mind attentive to the more casual lines of a modern play will detect a frequent use of 'Canada' as a place where people have been to when, for purposes of the plot, they had to be absent from home. It used to be the States. To explain a brother's absence or to give a suspect a suitable alibi he used to be sent away on business or to visit a relative—"in America, you know." Now there is less of that. The U.S.A. is somehow too near to British experience through the cinema, Marshall Aid, NATO and the rest. If the Englishman is told that story nowadays, he is inclined to say "Oh yes. What part of the States? What business, exactly?"

And so the line is switched to Canada. To some authors it seems a suitable omnibus term, large, modern and imprecise, not calculated to invite further enquiry. This tendency was noted again at a recent visit to T. S. Eliot's new play "The Confidential Clerk." The financier's illegitimate son had been born when the father was in Canada, looking over his holdings. One wanted to ask where: Bay Street, Ungava, Saskatchewan oil? But then it happened nearly thirty years ago. Might have been in gopher ranches. We shall never know.

GORDON HAWKINS.

## How Much for the Mind?

Kenneth Patrick Watson

► SINCE THE PUBLICATION last fall of *So Little for the Mind* by Dr. Hilda Neatby, of the University of Saskatchewan, the perennial but quiet two-sided argument over Canadian education has become a matter for heated, and confused, public discussion. On the surface the controversy appears simple and straightforward. The progressivists, who, it is said, hold the reins in most of our educational offices, want to teach all children, in happy surroundings, to live co-operatively together. They want democracy in the classroom so that the child will know what it is when he meets it outside school. They want to teach children, not subjects; and they want to keep pain out of the classrooms.

The traditionalists, however, say that the school's job is to teach skills and facts. They want the child to sweat and groan a little in the pursuit of knowledge, which is valuable "for its own sake." They suggest that current programs waste the child's time and his parent's money on colorful textbooks and pleasant aids to learning. They doubt that much learning is taking place in the cheerful surroundings. They say that if the school looks after learning, democratic living will look after itself; and they worry over the fact that if one tries to teach all children, one has to proceed at the pace of the slowest, with the result that the bright pupils are bored and ignored. Dr. Neatby is a traditionalist.

It is clear, then, that the two sides are diametrically opposed, from the way they shout at each other if not always from what they say. And plainly nobody can belong to both camps. Then why the confusion? Why is the battle not waged quickly and bloodily, and the business settled, and the schools organized one way or the other?

A quiet voice now and then suggests that both sides are right, after all, and that all we need is a merger of opposing factions to submerge the errors and bring to the surface the best ideas of each. But few listen to the quiet voice, for the other voices are much louder and more dramatic. It is fine to belong to one side or the other and bear a banner, but who wants to stand in the middle ducking shots from both sides? It is precisely because they do stand in the middle that a great many people are confused. They recognize wisdom on both sides of the front line, yet they can't ignore the apparent incompatibility of the two sides.

The traditional point of view has, as its name implies, the support of years. It perpetuates the intellectual ideals of Athens and of the renaissance, and the paedagogical methods of the English public schools. In these schools the emphasis was and is on the learning of the classical languages under rigid discipline, with some diversion from mathematics and history and the national literature, and perhaps some contemporary European languages. The boy who completes a program of this kind will find that there are few mechanical obstacles to the pursuit of his study at the university level. By habit he will read enormously, and will reread anything he does not understand rather than pass it by as unworthy of understanding. He will have great respect for authority.

But what kind of mind must one have to be successful in a course like this? What happens to the mind that is not capable of it? The traditionalist generally answers that if a boy is stupid, one ought to recognize the fact and fail him out of the course, so that he won't impede the others. But the shame and pain the stupid boy feels upon his failure may result in permanent emotional damage. Here the

traditionalist says, Well, if a boy can't stand a few failures he can't be made of very stern stuff; too bad! But the fact remains that in a few cases permanent emotional damage is sustained; and if we are a democratic people, we must be as concerned for those few as the welfare of the majority will allow us to be.

A second criticism of the traditional school may be directed at that very discipline which looks so good. Firm, cane-handled classroom discipline is expedient and comparatively easy to maintain. But this kind of discipline generally leads to enmity between teacher and pupil; and, more important, it does little to develop the only real discipline, which is self-discipline to the achievement of some end.

The respect for authority that the graduate of a traditional school traditionally shows is a by-product of this kind of discipline. Most adults like respect, for it is gratifying to their vanity and expedient to their ends. But it does not help children to think for themselves, and it leaves little opportunity for the free growth of ideas. That habit of rereading a difficult passage on the assumption of the authority of the printed word will be frustrating if the passage is devoid of sense.

A third criticism of the traditional way may be directed at the separation of academic subjects from the business of life. Traditional educators say, Mathematics is mathematics and if you get it all mixed up with a lot of stuff about John and Susan and three cups of flour and the price of admission for children, you'll succeed only in muddling the study of mathematics. To a degree they are right. But it is also true that the study of something "for its own sake" (a phrase of Dr. Neatby's) is meaningless. Anyone who claims to study something for its own sake will, if he's honest, admit to some higher end, such as mental improvement, which again implies a yet higher end. Nothing can be studied for its own sake for everything is connected with everything else, and every study is subservient to some higher value. Professor Jacques Barzun, in an address to a group of educators in British Columbia last summer, said that the connection between our political, social and economic life and our school programs is "direct and functional, not far-fetched." He said that, for this reason, courses to help personal adjustment to modern society (courses much deplored by traditionalists) are essential elements of any school program and cannot be kept quite separate from the rest.

Yet the pure traditional program tends towards isolation from the world of the present; and in doing so it gives its students a distorted picture of life, and it tries to force the learning of material that has no significance for the student because it bears little relation to the world the student knows.

The progressive point of view in education, whose spiritual father was Jean Jacques Rousseau, has its strength and its weaknesses too. One of Rousseau's specific educational ideas, important because it was new and because it is still influential, is the proposition that children should not be taught to read until they have orally acquired a vocabulary of words that mean something to them. Experiment has shown, justifying Rousseau, that a child learns readily at a later date what he would have to be forced to at an earlier, and, more interesting, that he is less likely to forget it, and develops a greater degree of skill at it.

The progressive school tries to teach the child to be ready for his whole life. Academic subjects are not conceived as ends but as instruments. Literature is taught so that it illuminates life, and language is taught for communication, not for mental discipline. Drawing and painting enter the curriculum and become media through which the child can happily express some of his private opinions about the world, not solely for the healthy effects of that expression, but also

for the benefit of the teacher, who can learn from the pupil's artwork something of his personality and his needs. The progressive teacher tries to recognize the insecure child so that he won't be mistakenly called stupid; so that his agonizing hesitancy to give the right answer in class will be understood not to be ignorance of that answer, but fear of ridicule should the answer prove wrong.

Discipline in the progressive classroom is as easy as progress will allow, and corporal punishment is considered barbaric. Many modern schools avoid punishment of any kind as long as possible, by building a pleasant, co-operative classroom atmosphere, and by presenting subject matter in a significant and therefore interesting manner. The progressive teacher not only teaches the traditional subjects in terms of perceptions and ideas already familiar to the pupil; he also teaches lessons on everyday topics like postmen and fire engines and brushing the teeth. He helps the child orient himself in a world the child knows only superficially, and he tries to give the child some guidance in physical and mental health, as well as tools and pabulum for his intellect.

But this apparently admirable plan has its flaws. It is too ambitious, and school curricula have become cluttered with a bewildering mixture of the most diverse subjects. Sex education is given "because the parents are neglecting their duty." Religious instruction is given "because children don't get to church much any more." Civics is taught, and talks are given on "dating" and grooming. Art, music, cooking, and carpentry have been on the program for quite a while. Driving classes are given by some schools. Some instruct in bicycle safety. One school in the United States has a daily joke-telling period to develop poise and the ability to speak to groups; another brings in television for the World Series (baseball is part of the National Life). Somewhere among these periods, many of which are valuable enough, time must be found for reading and mathematics and history—for the "fundamentals."

Again, in attempting to provide for the child's every need, the school treads on the toes of a few other jealous institutions like the home and the church, some of which, it must be admitted, are glad to have the responsibility taken from them. This assumption of a paternal role by departments of education can lead to another sinister but less apparent danger. I heard a prominent member of the staff of the Ontario College of Education describe with admiration a South American city whose secondary school pupils spent half a day each week looking after the municipal gardens. I am sure he told this with no idea of its darker implications. The enterprise seemed a pleasant, if time-consuming, way of inculcating ideas of co-operation and responsibility. But inculcating co-operation with whom? With the state. Inculcation is a totalitarian device. There lay the shadows.

Far-fetched? Perhaps. But it is not a long way from an all-providing department of education to an all-providing state; and a state that is home and church and father and mother—and big brother—to everyone, is a totalitarian state.

To teach the modern way is difficult—more difficult than to teach the traditional way, for it requires of the teacher more self-control, more deliberate awareness, and continual ingenuity. But many young teachers become mesmerized by the colorful and often meaningless jargon of much contemporary writing about education. They can repeat the cant; so they can be educators too. Anyone can. Scholarship and long, careful preparation are forgotten with subject matter; and the progressive ideal, good as it may be in the minds of responsible and experienced thinkers, fades or distorts itself when the confident young Normal School graduate faces his first class.

The aim of the progressive educator is to graduate from



his schools young people who are well-adjusted to their world; but his tragedy is that he may find himself graduating young people who are superficially well-adjusted, but who are well-adjusted ignoramuses—young people who are adjusted not to their world but to some of the shadowy, casual accidents of their world.

It ought, then, to be clear that the two sides are not mutually exclusive, and that our schools would benefit from a clear-eyed merger of the factions into some higher synthesis that would get rid of the follies of each and arrive at a workable compromise. So why are laymen and teachers alike confused about both the educational problems and the measures to be taken to solve them? Much of the confusion can be traced to the nature of the controversy itself. It is a controversy involving two clearly opposed sides which ought not to be opposed at all. It has been waged violently and in strong language all this winter, with the result that two well-meaning groups that ought to be co-operating have come to hate each other's guts and to distrust any statement made by each other.

Actually, the words "traditionalist" and "progressivist," as they apply to Canadian education at least, ought to be written in quotation marks, for they are false distinctions, suggesting an incompatibility that does not, in fact, exist. Few thoughtful and informed supporters of the traditional program would deny the merit of friendly relations between pupil and teacher. No "progressive" teacher worth his salt would support an "aid to learning" that obscured learning. An educational scheme that insures a measure of literacy to everyone and at the same time allows the exceptionally able to proceed at an accelerated rate is feasible and is one that both sides ought to approve. The inclusion of painting and music cannot but have a liberalizing and enlightening effect, contributing to that mental development so prized by the "traditionalists." The most enthusiastic "progressive" devotee of good adjustment cannot, in his soberer moments, deny that good adjustment to a complex and infinitely various world will never be made without the possession of a great many facts about that world and its antecedents, and without habits of disciplined application to difficult problems. The sternest and soberest of the old guard can probably agree that self-discipline arising from a strong and sincere interest in the work at hand is a far better discipline than that which is the result of a conditioned polite response to the hand of authority. Much of the disagreement between tradition and progress has little foundation in fact, and much in sentiment, and would disappear of its own accord were both sides willing to let it.

Sentiment, in fact, is the source of much of tradition's argument. The "traditionalist" is almost certain to find a sympathetic ear attached to the head of the average adult, who has felt as long as there has been literature to record it that things are not what they used to be. It is gratifying to a man's pride to consider himself and his generation superior to those who follow. Thus in controversy, in heated public debate, the traditional point of view is likely to fare pretty well. A distortion of the actual situation is likely to be perpetuated. A debate, by its very nature, sets up an "either-or" proposition, in which one side must be proven wrong. On February 25 we heard Dr. Neatby and Dr. C. E. Phillips battling it out on Citizens' Forum. Dr. Phillips, supporting the modern side, fared badly, not only because of the natural public sympathy for Dr. Neatby's point of view, but also because he seemed nervous before the microphone, while Dr. Neatby was cool, and sharp with her repartee. While a sympathetic audience might have agreed with and understood much of what Dr. Phillips said, Dr. Neatby's clever, university-debate-type logic, which occasionally sounded rather smart-alec, made him seem inept and made

us forget any good points he might have had. Neither Dr. Phillips nor Dr. Neatby is completely to blame for their two kinds of error; the debate situation forced it on them. It is time for those in Canada who care about good education more than they care about public admiration to stop their debating and their name-calling and get down to some controlled thinking and discussion.

In the schools, where practice never quite conforms to theory anyway, there always have been many experienced, intelligent teachers who, having considerable freedom, thank heaven, to follow their own methods, teach their pupils in a way that combines the best of both "traditionalism" and "progressivism." They are seldom mentioned in print or on the air, because what they do is not sensational or extreme. But it is very good. When Canadian educational theory gets around to codifying what these teachers are already doing, the teachers will find themselves in the unusual position of practising ahead of theory, instead of the more usual one of lagging behind it.

## All That Glitters

Sid Blum

► THE FIRST GOLD MINERS went on strike July 11, 1953. Eventually the strike in the Timmins' area involved some eight mines employing approximately five thousand men. In a hotel dining-room, four months later, I heard one Timmins' business man telling his friend that he couldn't understand how the miners had been able to stay out on strike for so long a period. "How can they do it?", he asked, "How can they manage on fourteen dollars a week for each married man and four dollars extra for each child?" The other man, also a Timmins' business man, shrugged his shoulders. He didn't know either.

The union welfare administration took on the job of helping the miners carry out the strike action effectively. It had as its primary objective the maintenance of strikers' morale, and the strikers' morale depended on how well they and their families could sustain the physical hardships that resulted from the absence of work and income over long periods of time.

One of the major activities of the strike was the establishment of a picket line across the entrances of the struck mines. About one-third of the striking miners were assigned to picket duty, and the balance to other activities connected with the strike. There were nineteen picket posts covering eight mining properties. A tour of all the picket posts involved a journey of over sixty miles. Since the picket posts were scattered over wide areas transporting the hundreds of men on each picket duty shift was one of the first problems faced by the welfare administration. The solution was a transportation system composed of miners and their cars. It became



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known as the biggest taxi service in the Northland, with over five hundred cars and trucks with drivers available for duty. To service the transportation system the union took over a garage and staffed it with mechanics recruited from the miners. Seven hundred gallons of gasoline a day were needed to keep the system operating.

Early in the strike, building problems were encountered. The strike administration involved operations in thirty-six different locations. Picket tents had to be set up; sanitation facilities provided; the Steelworkers Hall had to be partitioned off to provide office space for the various welfare departments; and two union bush camps complete with kitchens and bunkhouses had to be built. An Expeditors Department was established to handle construction, remodeling, repairs and sanitation. Miners who had some experience as carpenters, electricians, plumbers and all around handy men were selected for this department. These men built the walls and foundations of the picket tents, the bunk houses and kitchens, provided sanitation facilities wherever needed, and remodeled the union building in a relatively short time.

The welfare administration was responsible for supplying food to what was almost an entire community. The union set up a welfare voucher system to meet this problem. Vouchers were made out to any grocery store, meat store, or dairy that the striker requested. Vouchers were given on the basis of need, and need was determined by whether or not a person had served on picket duty at least five days a week for at least six hours a day. If the striker did not put in this time, it was assumed by the welfare administration that he had some kind of a job and therefore did not require assistance. A married man received a weekly voucher for fourteen dollars, one dollar in cash, and four dollars extra for each child; single men received vouchers for nine dollars and one dollar in cash.

The strikers themselves could eat at the union kitchen. The main mess hall was set up in The Golden Hub, a former night club donated to the union by its owner. The kitchen staff prepared and served some seven thousand nourishing and well cooked meals a day. The usual lunch, dinner, and supper menus consisted of a meat dish (except on Fridays), with potatoes, gravy and one vegetable; and a fruit or pudding dessert. The miners ate at tables that were supplied with huge pots of coffee or tea, sugar, bread and margarine. The chief complaint of the strikers about the food was that they were putting on too much weight and that they would be too fat to work when the strike was settled. These complaints were invariably answered by, "Wait until you get back down in the mines. You'll lose that fat quick enough!"

There were three other smaller union kitchens in operation. Food for all the kitchens was purchased by the ton in Toronto (usually ten tons at a time), and trucked up to Timmins by the union. There it was stored in the strikers' warehouse until ready for use. The economies achieved by large-scale buying, and a careful check on the distribution and preparation of the food, made it possible for the welfare administration to provide meals at a cost of from eleven to fifteen cents per meal.

Warm clothing, a basic necessity for the strikers' families, was distributed through a Strikers' Clothing Exchange run by the union's Ladies Auxiliary. Wood was also a necessity in the Timmins area. Many miners used it daily as fuel for their furnaces and their stoves. The welfare administration, through its Wood Operations Department, supplied birch firewood to strikers at a fraction of its normal retail cost. The department ran the two union bush camps and the union wood lot in Timmins. During the first few months of operation more than fifteen thousand cords of wood were delivered to miners' homes from the wood lot. Miners who used

oil or coal in their homes obtained these from private companies through special loan vouchers issued by the union.

The welfare administration had a Personal Problems Department to handle emergency welfare cases of the individual striker. Typical cases were mostly of a financial nature; for example, a striker was threatened with eviction, a miner's rent was in arrears, the finance company was after someone's furniture, or a child needed special medical treatment. The slim resources of the welfare fund frequently had to be stretched so that a striker or his family would not suffer severe hardship.

There were departments for running the barber shop, the sign shop, and a printing shop for publishing the strikers' daily newspaper. The large organization required to carry out the different phases of the strike administration meant that accurate records had to be kept for every department. The multitude of interview forms, requisitions and purchase orders were filed by the Office Department. Other departments such as Vouchers, Accounts, Supplies, and Records Departments were also responsible for related sectors of financial and office work.

The strike administration established a toy production shop so that the miners' children would not have to miss the traditional activities and gifts associated with the Christmas season. The sixty miners in the shop produced hundreds of little table and chair sets, blackboards, hobby horses, and doll cribs for the strikers' children. The welfare administration also provided free entertainment for the miners. A Recreation Committee saw that the strikers received their share of movies and shows during the strike. The Committee ran a library service and kept the picket posts supplied with such items as checkers, cards, cribbage boards, and reading material. Movies were shown several evenings a week in either Timmins or South Porcupine; and there were at least two dances a week at which the strikers' three bands played with a skill worthy of professional groups. Special Kiddies' Shows were given by the Committee on Saturday mornings. On Sunday nights the Committee put on a Grand Concert for strikers and their families that packed the largest theatre in Timmins.

Special areas of the strike action directly related to the welfare administration, such as over-all strike strategy, publicity, public-relations, and relations with the international union, were handled by the Strike Strategy Committee—consisting of the presidents of the striking locals, the Steelworkers' Area Representative, and a representative of the welfare administration.

This report would be incomplete without a mention of two outstanding aspects of the miners' strike. One aspect was the attitude of the men toward their jobs in the strike administration. Miners who had never written a cheque were handling accounts involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. Miners who had never before cut down a tree were working in the bush camp. Men with no previous experience in newspaper work were editing and publishing a mimeographed daily newspaper. These examples could be multiplied all the way down the line for each of the departments in the strike administration. These men were using and perfecting talents they had never realized they possessed. They were working in new areas of life and deriving a keen satisfaction from their accomplishments in these areas.

The other aspect was the strong feeling of comradeship that existed among the striking miners.

"Mining is dangerous work," one picket captain said to me. "One mistake and not only your own life but the lives of the men with you might be lost. Down in the mines you have to trust the other guy. And you have to stick with him."

It was this determination to stick with the other guy, kept alive and strengthened by the co-operative action involved in

the miners' strike welfare administration, that prevented the mine owners from smashing union organization in the Northern Ontario gold mines.

## McCARTHY AND HITLER

(Continued from Front Page)

are conceivably within his reach, his genius for improvisation may enable him to assemble from the grab-bag of potent patriotic slogans a more far-reaching program for the salvation of America.

In estimating the totalitarian potential of a movement, the nature of its following is more important than the personal attributes of the Leader. At first glance "McCarthyism" can hardly be described as a "movement" at all. It is rather a widespread mood, a spectrum of opinion, embracing the openly "fascist" lunatic fringe at one end and run-of-the-mill expedient politicians and a few sincere if monomaniacal anti-Communists at the other. As Hannah Arendt has pointed out in her almost breathtakingly brilliant book *The Origins of Totalitarianism*—considered by many people the greatest book yet written on the witches' sabbath of twentieth century politics—organization is the *sine qua non* of totalitarian movements. It is the power of organization, both openly flaunted and working conspiratorially in the darkness, that lends reality to the "ideological fictions" of the Leader. This McCarthy lacks, for he operates within the confines of an accepted political party and the conventional political role of U.S. Senator. There are signs, however, that he is partially remedying the deficiency: the "Loyal American Underground" in the State Department and the Voice of America on which he relies for tips resembles the conspiratory branches of totalitarian parties, particularly when one considers its likeness to the very Communist apparatus it purportedly aims to expose. Totalitarian and semi-totalitarian movements from the Leninist revolutionary party to the Nazis have always imitated the main organizational features of their enemies.

McCarthy's "agents" in the executive branch of the government, his allies among newspapermen who serve as "plants," and his partisans in patriotic societies give the appearance of constituting a diffuse conspiracy, if not a tightly controlled and centralized one. It functions openly, not by means of para-military formations marching in the streets, but by unleashing batteries of publicity, and secretly through an army of informers. When leading national figures including the President himself must debate McCarthy's charges as if they were a pressing national issue, they indeed become a pressing national issue by virtue of this fact alone. And when the government employs his flexible criteria of "loyalty" to evaluate its personnel, reality is conferred on McCarthy's claims just as Hitler's stormtroopers were able actually to equate "race" with personal destiny by beating up Jews in the street.

It is also significant that although McCarthy's following among national leaders is an ultra-conservative one, his mass support is drawn to a great extent from the ranks of the uneducated and low-income groups. This is why the Democrats so fear his electoral potency. His followers add up to a voting bloc, remarkably like the Negro in their geographical distribution, concentrated in the big city wards of key industrial states. And the Senator has been very shrewd in recognizing this. He is commonly regarded as a spokesman for Old Guard Republicanism, but actually his voting record is not consistently conservative and isolationist and he has been careful not to alienate low-income groups by taking a conservative stand on bread-and-butter questions. Texas oilmen with newly made fortunes and reactionary

opinions back McCarthy, but he is his own man just as Hitler was. His nerve, his cleverness, and his recognition of the sources of his power make him more than just a McKinleyite dinosaur like Bricker, an autocratic state political boss like Pat McCarran, or a crude demagogue like Jenner. It would be most enlightening to know how much of McCarthy's mass support comes from individuals who have previously taken little active interest in politics and who have been identified with neither major political party, for this was a striking characteristic of Nazi voters in the Weimar Republic.

The heart of the appeal of a mass movement is the claim that the movement will regenerate society by ridding it of a proscribed minority which is blamed for all evils. Insofar as the Communists are an active conspiratory group rather than a broad social category of helpless persons like the German Jews or people of "bourgeois" origin in Russia, the job of crushing them is too easily and too soon completed for them adequately to play the role of totalitarian victims. The most authentically totalitarian feature of McCarthyism is the way its proscribed minority is being broadened by the Senator to include "Fifth Amendment Communists," "Communist thinkers," all who ever had even an innocent association with Communists, those who hired or gave security clearance to suspected Communists, "holdovers from the old Truman-Acheson gang", and, finally, all Democrats. This is the true totalitarian technique of including swelling numbers of people in the proscribed minority and thereby justifying ever harsher measures against them. Communist agents have recently been blamed not only for post-war reverses in foreign policy but for the Great Depression and even the First World War—here the identification of the proscribed minority as an all-powerful clique working behind the scenes becomes a "key to history" analogous to the racist fantasies of Hitler or the capitalist bogeymen of Stalinism.

The similarity between McCarthy's investigative techniques and those of the G.P.U. examiners during the great Russian purges of the 1930's is also remarkable. Weissberg, Beck and Godin, and other refugees from the "Yezhovschina" report that in questioning sessions the constant query of the examiners was "Who recruited you?" McCarthy too displays less interest in the government employees appearing before him as witnesses than in trying to discover who hired them, who gave them security clearance, who recommended them for employment, thus trying to envelop in a widening circle of guilt a new batch of "Communist coddlers." (It would be unnecessary to add that the difference between McCarthy and the G.P.U. is that the latter had powers of life and death over their victims while the former can only destroy reputations, were it not for the fact that some McCarthy critics who remain coy concerning which Cold War antagonist engages their affections persistently and wilfully ignore this all-important distinction.)

Ultimately, however, it is the public response to the movement that matters. It has become a cliché to say that the American people are in a "state of hysteria," but this judgment is too superficial. A large section of the American people have indeed been deluded into believing that there is an internal Communist movement of dangerous proportions, but this is only because the Senator and others have been able to make use of the mass media to build up the impression of a cumulative confirmation of sweeping charges of subversion in the minds of citizens who do not read the papers very carefully. Hiss, Remington, the Rosenbergs, the Communist leaders (all convicted before McCarthy's ascendancy), Brownell's exhumation of a dead spy, the Administration's concession that McCarthy had a point in his



dispute with Stevens—all of these have contributed to the impression. And Hiss and Harry Dexter White were Communist agents and the Rosenbergs *did* steal atom secrets. To fail through ignorance to see their irrelevance to the politics of 1954 is not the same thing as to be gripped by hysteria.

With all the talk of hysteria one crucial and very tangible index of its presence has been ignored: the degree to which political passions have erupted into physical violence. The United States is a country with a tradition of political violence; it is the only English-speaking democracy to have fought a civil war in modern times, and during the "red scare" of the 1920's and in the depression-ridden 1930's there were riots, lynchings, the kidnapping and beating of radical and union leaders, even political murders. As the recent Puerto Rican terrorists should serve to remind us, there is little of this today in spite of the verbal extravagance that is so rife. There have not even been any "legal lynchings" comparable to that of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927. And it should not be forgotten when drawing the "deadly parallel" with Hitler that the blood shed by the Black Reichswehr in post-war Germany prepared the way for Hitler's gangs.

McCarthyism is an attempt to fracture the customary rhythm of politics in a stable democratic society. It is indeed an incubator of totalitarianism. But in the absence of a crisis equal to the rupture of the fabric of European and Russian society by world war and depression that produced fascism and Stalinism it is unlikely that its growth will not be "contained" by the self-protective mechanisms of democratic politics. To ask whether the United States has yet suffered a crisis turning society upside down is itself to answer the question. To ask whether it might not do so in the future is to ask for a prophet.

DENNIS H. WRONG.



Port Arthur Community Players' next presentation will be the famous blank-verse play, "The Lady's Not for Burning," by Christopher Fry. Bob Welford, president of the drama group . . . said, however, that his group has no fear of doing a good job with it, and are looking forward to the project.

(Port Arthur News Chronicle)

"Within your ranks may rest the decision of the next general election," Mr. Drew told a dinner meeting of the young PC's. By the next election, he said, 500,000 young persons would come of voting age. Life of the present Parliament expires in 1958. Mr. Nowlan also spoke at the dinner meeting. He said the Liberal Party can't keep on winning for ever." (Globe and Mail)

NORTH VANCOUVER, Feb. 27.—A Chinese gambling house was operated here to save its inmates from Communism, according to testimony of a man charged with keeping a gaming house . . . Lim admitted the club never sent money to Chiang Kai Shek, but said members were urged constantly to make personal donations to the Nationalist cause. . . . He said the society catered to the "gambling blood" of the Chinese to rally them against the Red menace.

(Vancouver Sun)

The House also rescinded a 62-year-old law which prevents firms with Government contracts making campaign contributions to political parties. However, it still will be against the law for a firm to offer a contribution to obtain or retain a contract.

(Globe and Mail)

In a move to "keep the old flag flying," Conn Smythe, managing director of the Toronto professional hockey club, offered to take the Maple Leafs to Russia immediately after the NHL playoffs. The purpose—revenge for the recent defeat of East York Lyndhursts in

the world amateur hockey championships at the hands of Moscow Dynamos. His offer depended on first class expenses and he added that the Leafs would have no part of a hit-and-miss financial proposition. (Globe and Mail)

Horror Comics Will Bear Label 'For Adults Only.' City Wholesale House Segregates Books Falling Under PTA Censure.

(Headline, Victoria Daily Times)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to D. M. Fisher, Port Arthur, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

## The Compassion of W. H. Auden

Chester Duncan

"This lunar beauty  
Has no history,  
Is complete and early."

► IN LIONS AND SHADOWS Christopher Isherwood has his young friend Weston (obviously Auden) say: "Of course, intellect's the only thing that matters at all." If Auden ever said this, his poetry belies it, as poetry, just by being itself, so often does belie and survive the critical statements of poets. But of course it is being very unfair to Auden to quote this youthful assertion, for his mature criticism seems to me, as simply a reader, to be rich with truth about the making of poetry and its place in the poet's life. Nevertheless, the statement does indicate the line that people take with Auden, making of him, in an important division of his work, a much more formidable writer than he really is. It is true that since he is a Thinking Type, his poetry is often very knowledgeable, brilliantly satiric, glitteringly critical, humorous and hard. But that's only part of it. In an age of anxiety poets must speak wisely and wittily of the anxious; but they must also be the anxious.

Then, too, a surprisingly large amount of important contemporary poetry is traditional, simple, and lyrical. How it got the opposite reputation, in general, has something to do with the way in which a very difficult and unique poem like Eliot's *Gerontion* comes to characterize a whole period. Other poems, even by Mr. Eliot, suffer as a result; and, as in everything else, inclusive name-calling is merely one more way of avoiding sympathetic and friendly examination. The reputation of modern poetry is thus a simple device that people often use to put off reading it. Later, perhaps, when someone has arranged a reading, the meeting is hardly that of two lovers. I have seen Colonels of the Old Guard straining their tired, willing eyes trying to "see behind" Auden's *Look, stranger, on this island now or Doom is dark and deeper than any sea-dingle* simply because the foreground was too obviously beautiful.

Auden's poetry admits of no slick and easy generalization, except perhaps this: that it is immensely varied in type and tone, even from the beginning. One strain in it, however, deserves more attention, not only because of its lyrical intensity and charm of manner, which would disarm more critics if they weren't determined to be difficult, but also because of the matter in it, which alludes, with affection and praise, to many shy and poetically neglected qualities of experience. Much of this poetry does not admit of the kind of examination which is sustained by Donne. Nevertheless, those strict and adult minds which are parched by tricky analyses might be refreshed by a reminder that poetry can have charm and innocence as well as many cunning passages, although even the dear old Romantics, now out of fashion, could have told them this.

Is Auden a Romantic, then? Well, it's not a good word for him, except in this connection: that if Byron could have written, as a counter to the brilliant *Don Juan*, a large number of small poems of pitiless love and penetration on the humble graces of mankind, then the parallel between him and Auden would be complete.

This lyrical strain in Auden can be noticed in his earliest poems. (A moving example is the poem now called *Pur*, the first three lines of which I have quoted at the beginning of this article.) But there is no doubt that its presence and its meaning are now much more important in the author's idea of his talent than they were twenty years ago. Irresistible as some readers found his youthful cleverness, his technical virtuosity and wonderfully fresh diction, they discovered, with all their loyalty, that certain criticisms were difficult to answer. Would the Flair, that astonishing ability to do anything brilliantly, ever be satisfied with just something about the tone of many of the poems, too, that one might fall out of love with, that air of having the low-down not only on all public enterprises but on all private ones also. ("There is always another story, there is more than meets the eye.") Auden talked convincingly, if rather vaguely, of a "disciplined love," but this quality often seemed merely to be an idea that would be effective in a debate. And even later on, when this concept becomes transmuted into a quiet, ironic and rather disillusioned search for the true community, "i.e., a group of rational beings associated on the basis of a common love," Auden is inclined to spend the real money of his feelings on the disregarded, the neglected, the shy humiliations and frailties of the weak and the unpopular, Christians with most unlikely crosses, unsuspected heroes. With a charming lightness of touch and a humanity that is quite mature, Auden is thus demonstrating his "affirming flame" in a way that the militant effectiveness of some of his early poems did not seem to promise. Sometimes it seems that the only word for some of his later poems is the homely and unprofessional one *nice*. So few nice poems seem to emerge from the professional literary whirl nowadays that one is grateful for a renewal of the compassionate tradition of (say) Skelton, Wyatt, Blake, and Hardy.

And although there is no doubt that the elements of which I speak are also found in Eliot, the trembling tenderness there is usually so hidden by broken stone that it is often very difficult to see the heart of the matter, which is surely that this is the "infinitely gentle, infinitely suffering thing" on which his poetry turns. Auden is more direct, more available, with a less agonizingly ambiguous refinement of his material. Yet, in Auden, the promenading, more easy-going treatment doesn't make the author's appreciation of its materials any less refined and sensitive. While one could never attach the word *awkward* to the work of such an outstanding technician, there is often an interesting and ingratiating correspondence between the nourishing homeliness of the material and the unaffected and unslicked form with which it is composed. This is the kind of thing which Auden so admires as proper and artistic in Hardy.

Such an enrichment of feeling, in Auden, is certainly assisted by his devotion to Christian ideas and subtleties and the ways in which theology, as well as psychology, can interpret and make meaningful quite "ordinary" lives. Psychological penetration and a certain natural compassion could, even as early as *The Ascent of F6* result in such a *donnée* as "The girl imprisoned in the tower of a stammer;" but in evidence too, unfortunately, is the tone of Michael Ransom's ascetic priggishness: "Under I cannot tell how many of these green slate roofs, the stupid peasants are making their stupid children." Of course Ransom is only a character in a play, but still, he's a school-boy hero! The

way in which psychological observation, because of a gift which is now chastened and channelled, now finds itself consistently above the brilliant undergraduate level, is seen in this passage from the prose "Caliban to the Audience," from *The Sea and the Mirror*—the whole of this perhaps the finest sustained piece he has ever done.

"... for by then your eye has already spotted the tremor of the lips in that infinitesimal moment while the eye was getting its balance, your ear already picked up the heart's low whimper which the capering legs were determined to stifle, your nose detected on love's breath the trace of ennui which fortells his early death, or the despair just starting to smoulder at the base of the scholar's brain which years hence will suddenly blow it up with one appalling laugh. . . ." Such things, so different in kind from flippant cracks and loveless virtuosity, show a controlled compassion which enters secret places of the heart without cheek or embarrassment. Simply read, such writing in itself makes ridiculous the vindictive and doctrinaire criticism to which Auden as an "idea" or "influence" or something, is subject.

For obvious reasons I have avoided the kind of piecemeal quotation from Auden's poems which might suggest, as in Arnold's essay "The Study of Poetry," that single lines are enough. But their absence here is certainly, on the other hand, an acknowledgement that criticism is never very much either, unless it drives us to the poetry. A painfully obvious remark no doubt, but one which descriptive criticism, apt at all times to give itself airs and to have an unattractive face, should remember.

What is not unattractive, therefore, is this passage, taken from *In Memory of Sigmund Freud*:

"And the child unlucky in his little State,  
Some hearth where freedom is excluded,  
A hive whose honey is fear and worry,  
  
Feels calmer now and somehow assured of escape;  
While as they lie in the grass of our neglect,  
So many long-forgotten objects  
Revealed by his undiscouraged shining  
  
Are returned to us and made precious again."

And that is really what I wanted to say about Auden.

## On the Air

► THE CBC'S DEPARTMENT of Talks and Public Affairs, more than any other, should be kept under the sharpest eyes, for it is possibly the most important department in our national radio system, and at the same time the weakest. Unfortunately, outside criticism has little direct effect, for this department is (and this is indicative of its desperate illness) more impervious to criticism than any other. Unbearably smug, certain of its own infallibility and general omniscience, it goes its own way, regardless.

I should not need to remind Forum readers that I am not alone in this opinion. Alone of all CBC Departments, the Massey Commission singled out the Talks Department for measured but none the less sharp criticism. Were the Commissioners then ignorant, unintelligent, and biased? Did they have a personal stake? Here is one thing they said:

"Nevertheless it seems important to us to say something of the view suggested in Part One that the distinguished work of the CBC in music and drama does not appear to be equalled in what are known as talks." It's perhaps significant that after this report was issued, and while it was still so fresh that it could not be ignored (as it since has), the whole attitude of Talks Department personnel—and I heard a fair sample of them giving vent to their opinions—was a

kind of genteel but derisive shrugging—a polite suggestion that, after all, who were the Commissioners? One would have hoped for an attitude of serious and concerned self-examination, a little decent humility, but it was never apparent.

Here's something else from the report: "On inquiry we learn that speakers with no special knowledge in their fields may be engaged because they have a natural facility for broadcasting and also, apparently, because the popular approach of the amateur is thought to have a special appeal to the average listener. We think it important to express our dissent from this policy."

The Commissioners thought it important, but the Talks Department obviously has never paid attention. How else explain the presence, on a recent Talks program, of a speaker who flatly and unequivocally attributed "A Sleep of Prisoners" to T. S. Eliot? And why did not the Talks Department producer (they are quick enough to restrain opinions which they do not think seemly) correct this flagrant error in fact?

The report also said: "It is possible that the CBC might add to its staff more officials of experience and authority in intellectual matters to assume some direct responsibility for the planning of talks." It seemed possible to the Commissioners, but was obviously anathema to the closed little world of the Talks Department, for no such appointment has ever been made. I tried gently to remind the CBC of this suggestion in our January issue, when the question of a new head of Talks was, so far as I knew, still in the air, by suggesting that the new head could well come from outside the Corporation. But instead the line of least resistance was followed, and the assistant head moved up.

I must point out that I have nothing against these gentlemen, personally or in any other way. But on the basis of their backgrounds, and I have studied their CBC official biographies, they are certainly not to be described as "officials of experience and authority in intellectual matters." Not, I submit, within the frame of reference in which the Massey Commission was thinking.

Offhand I can think of several persons who, in their various ways and in this country, are recognized as persons of experience and authority in intellectual matters—B. K. Sandwell, Arthur L. Phelps, Earle Birney, Lister Sinclair, Robertson Davies, Hilda Neatby, Roy Daniells, E. J. Pratt. A little reflection would bring to light a good many more. I suggest that it is a person of this kind whom we should have as head of CBC Talks—one with background, knowledge, and a genuinely liberal outlook. Never has this department had such a head. Further, so far as I can find out, and I have looked, not anywhere in the whole department is there to be found a man or woman of such calibre. Nor does the department contain, in any capacity, a person who has, in any outside field, either before or after joining the CBC, made any considerable mark in any intellectual field.

Now here's a definite recommendation of the Commission: "That the CBC provide more adequately in its budget for the department or departments responsible for the Talks programmes." That one, naturally, was not shrugged off. On that one the department fell ecstatically and, I think, got its larger budget. At least, not long after, new people (of the same type) were taken on, and the old hands smiled happily over their reduced work. Also, they apparently felt that they had been vindicated, instead of, as was still the case, sharply rebuked.

What result have we seen, in programs? Well, with the exception of Trans-Canada Matinee, which for the greater part has been remarkably good, and of a very few talks, mostly imported, no result has been discernible. The increased budget might as well have been poured down the drain.

This is the last recommendation: "That the Board of Governors of the CBC take into consideration the advisability of appointing national advisory councils on talks, in order that its officials may receive advice on programme policy, and information on programme material." Have such councils been appointed? Not that I've heard of, and I think I would have heard. I have sympathy for the members of these councils if ever they do come into being, for they'll batter themselves to pieces on the iron hides of the well-entrenched Talks Department officials, who have many times demonstrated their complacent self-sufficiency. But that the need for them is desperate, and that the need for a complete revision of this department is even more desperate, is one of the outstanding and urgent facts in Canadian radio.

Talk, says the old adage, is cheap. Nowhere is it so cheap, and so cheaply purchased, as in the CBC Talks Department. This is the one department left in the Corporation which consistently pays the very minimum for everything which it buys. This is the one department which still, presumably so that it can continue its cheese-paring, starvation-wage policy, violently resists unions and any kind of fair-wage agreement in every field in which it can do so. This, of course, is minor by comparison with most of the matters here discussed, but it may be a reason why so much of the department's output is of such conspicuously low quality.

No contributor to *The Canadian Forum*, including this one, gets a cent for what he writes therein. On the other hand, much of my living as a writer comes from the CBC. Time after time, because of my interest in radio as an important and vital force in this country, I have attacked what I thought to be abuses or bad practices or bad programming in every department of the Corporation. Time after time, as I wrote, I have wondered whether I might be jeopardizing my income. At no time, except with this one department, has it ever seemed to make the slightest difference. At no time has it ever been hinted, either directly or indirectly, except by the Talks Department, that I'd better watch my step.

Now for some points in Mr. Weaver's letter which we printed last month: "No formal commitment had even been made to use him again on 'Critically Speaking.'" I agree; it seems to be the policy of this department never to make formal commitments when it can avoid doing so. No formal commitment was made for the appearance which I did make, and I know of speakers who have appeared for long periods on "Talks" without ever a formal commitment. But I did go to Mr. Weaver's office to consult with him on this matter. I did say to him "Well then, how often do you want me?" and I did clearly hear his answer: "Oh, say once or twice before Christmas and now and then after New Years."

In accordance with this non-formal commitment I not only wrote the script which we published in February, but parts of two others. Also, I have at hand notes on the radio section of *Critically Speaking*, covering that program as broadcast for some eleven weeks. These notes were made, at Mr. Weaver's suggestion, so that my contributions should not overlap those of others.

Further, since I have made some small issue of this episode, I have learned of no less than three other persons—reputable and moderately well-known in their fields—who have had similar experiences with this department. Their understanding was clear; they wasted time, money, and effort, only to find that they'd misunderstood—there was no "formal commitment."

Mr. Weaver suggests that I had some "personal stake" in the Bernie Braden series, and thus was engaged in special pleading. True, I made some contributions to that series, but so did at least one hundred and eighty other Canadian



writers. True, I did enjoy listening to the series, but so did untold thousands of Canadian and American listeners. Was it, then, "special" to plead for all these? Essentially, the whole point of my rejected script was a plea for more short stories on the air—stories which would embrace the whole field of the short story, unconfined by the sometimes precious and restricted standards of Mr. Weaver and his colleagues.

Again, with respect to the elimination of the Braden series, Mr. Weaver does his best to shift responsibility. But it was known, long before the series was finally discontinued, that the Talks Department was doing its utmost to ruin it. (See this column for February, 1949.) And when the axe did fall, it was known, and still is, that it was the Talks Department's muscles which had given it most of its impetus.

In conclusion, I would like to give Mr. Weaver a quotation, and suggest that he pin it up over his desk and consider it seriously every time he thinks of exercising what he refers to as his "normal editorial function." I suggest that he give it precedence in his mind over practically everything, especially when he is "editing" criticism; when he is "suggesting" to critics that they "broaden their subjects"; and when he is "trying to decide whether it would interest the audience for which it was intended."

It's by Voltaire, a notably clear-headed man, and it goes this way: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

A good deal more of that attitude, a good many more officials of genuine and genuinely liberal intelligence, and we would have a very much better Department of Talks and Public Affairs.

ALLAN SANGSTER.

## Film Review

► TWO CELEBRATED CRIME pictures of the early thirties have been recently released as a double bill: *Little Caesar*, made in 1930, starring Edward G. Robinson, and *Public Enemy*, a 1932 James Cagney vehicle. According to the preamble that introduces them these two classics of crime had an enormous effect on the public conscience of their day, because they made vivid the problem of organized crime and the warped personalities of the criminals themselves. Both stand up very well technically and photographically; but it's interesting, seeing them again after some twenty years, to notice how the mere passage of time has almost entirely destroyed their original shock value, and made them look like unconscious parodies of themselves. This element of parody is especially strong in *Little Caesar*, which opens with a convulsive hiccup of gun-shots—Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shooting up a gas station—and proceeds with a hectic series of melodramatic episodes in the rise and fall of Robinson as a Chicago gang leader. For one thing, both the use of sound itself and the technique of movie acting have altered considerably in twenty years. We are accustomed now to a fairly skilful use of silence and the dramatic pause; we're used to a more naturalistic style of acting. *Little Caesar* packs every second full of superfluous noise and hammy gestures, and the dialogue has a thin, comic-strip quality, repetitive and limited, which underlines the sketchiness of all the characters.

If you compare *Little Caesar* with, say, Huston's *Asphalt Jungle*, it immediately becomes clear that the underworld as we know it from the movies today is no longer a naive business of half-witted gunmen and rigid personal loyalties; instead, it's a hierarchy of specialists in which a man's status depends on his technical ability or financial cunning. In other words, modern movie arch-criminals are intelligent where *Little Caesar* was basically stupid and trigger-happy.

In fact, nowadays we often get our chief entertainment out of being shown that the mechanics of the crime syndicates are precisely the mechanics of any other commercial circle, except that they happen to operate outside the law, and use physical violence only as a last resort.

By contrast with *Little Caesar* the Cagney picture, *Public Enemy*, is far more convincing both in story and character, since it makes some attempt to account for the criminal's activities in terms of his childhood and family background. Cagney himself turns in a better acting job in this early sketch of a comparatively intelligent crook than he's ever done since. Notice how he conveys all the reactions of a man who is exuberantly alive today, but knows that he may be terribly dead tomorrow. A hint of muscles constantly tensed, an approach to every situation as delicate as the footwork of a cat or a boxer, and a kind of alert distraction are always evident, even when he's making love to Jean Harlow. In the intervening years, Edward G. Robinson, essentially an inferior actor, has toned down his mannerisms, but Cagney has gradually been exaggerating his, so that all the original subtlety and force have disappeared. Nowadays Cagney resembles a sparrow on hot bricks; *Public Enemy* is worth seeing just to catch him in a performance that really makes human and dramatic sense.

On the other hand, movies which take poverty as their theme have altered very little since the thirties. *Stranger on the Prowl*, a recent Paul Muni vehicle, made in Italy obviously on a very low budget, is a good example of a recurrent emotional tone originally established by writers like Steinbeck, whose approach to the poor is basically sentimental. This is the story of a starving tramp, who in an attempt to steal food from a small Italian grocery accidentally kills the elderly proprietor. The cry of murder is raised, and in the excitement, Muni, the tramp, gets involved with a small boy who thinks the police are after him. The pair are finally trapped on the roof of an old building; and the tramp, whose manner to the boy is alternately friendly and antagonistic, finally gives up his life to save the child from falling to the street below. The theme is familiar enough—that a man who steals from hunger is within his rights, and if he dies, his death is a kind of martyrdom, whether he is incidentally a murderer or not. As it works out in *Stranger on the Prowl* there are distinct echoes of an earlier angry passion at the very existence of poverty, and a familiar insistence on the dignity and innocence of the poor. Muni himself is an impressive figure, half a natural, half a saint; but the finest scene of all is the aimless and guilty dispersal of the crowd that gathered to join in the man hunt. I understand there were political reasons for the film being made in Italy rather than in America—a wise decision in any case, quite apart from expediency, since the



Italian setting lends itself peculiarly well to this kind of social comment. America, at any rate, seems to have forgotten or lost the sympathetic atmosphere that made movies like *The Grapes of Wrath* almost literally strike home; and *Stranger on the Prowl* is a direct descendant in that line of compassionate documentary.

DORIS MOSDELL.

## NFB

The Photographer ..... 16 & 35 mm 8 mins. b&w  
 The Caleche Driver ..... 16 & 35 mm 8 mins. b&w  
 Dick Hickey—Blacksmith ..... 16 & 35 mm 8 mins. b&w  
 Paul Tomkowicz—Street-Railway Switchman  
 16 & 35 mm 10 mins. b&w

► THESE FOUR FILMS are the latest in the *Faces of Canada* series. Quite without purpose, the last two have had names included in their titles, which makes them clumsy and inconsistent with their companion pictures. All the previous films were neatly and simply named after the profession, not the man, but now they become personal with *Dick Hickey—Blacksmith*, instead of *The Blacksmith*, and the tongue-twisting *Paul Tomkowicz—Street-Railway Switchman*, rather than the vivid and easy title, *Tramway Switchman*. The inclusion of names is unwarranted whether they are authentic or fictitious, for they add nothing to the appeal of this series.

Apart from titles, these releases maintain the high standard set by their forerunners and are lively, fresh and imaginative in their depiction of individuals following their respective callings in life. *The Photographer*, directed by Pierre Arbour, is a humorous report of a day's work carried out by a portrait photographer in a small town. In his staid, old-fashioned studio he begins by developing a picture of a baby, then photographs a young boy in thoughtful repose against an artificial moon, departs to take a portrait of a debutante, then an old lady and her dog, and finally rushes off to snap a wedding, arriving late in his broken-down car. Warm-hearted and with a feeling of affection for the subject, *The Photographer* has a nicely-written commentary by Norman Klenman which is sympathetically narrated by William Hutt. *The Caleche Driver*, directed by Raymond Garceau, tries too hard to be humorous to be completely human; but nevertheless its fanciful portrayal of an imaginative caleche driver in Quebec City, who lives the moments of history which he vividly describes to his disinterested passengers, is entertaining and mildly satirical. Leonard Forest's rhyming commentary, read by Tommy Tweed, is often funny but hardly in keeping with the native personality of the driver.

*The Blacksmith* is not without interest in its glimpse of the fast-disappearing village smithy; but it is the least successful of the four films. Directed by David Bennett, its sequence of little activities within the blacksmith's shop is haphazard and shapeless, and the quaint commentary, presumably spoken by Mr. Hickey himself, appears to have been edited from an interview and, as a result, is not very clear and hardly ever related to what is happening on the screen. Up until the final few minutes of *Street-Railway Switchman* we see Paul Tomkowicz only as a dark shadow with a lantern, walking Winnipeg's night-shrouded, snow-covered streets and clearing ice from the tram line switches. Directed by Roman Kroitor, from a script conceived for the camera by himself and Stanley Jackson, and beautifully photographed by Lorne Batchelor, the night-time exterior scenes, dramatically enhanced by realistic sound effects, are highly cinematic and thoughtfully composed. Tommy Tweed's guttural "stream of consciousness" thought commentary, in which Tomkowicz thinks back over twenty-

three years of service, is not always easy to follow but visually there is enough to satisfy the eye making the narration unimportant. There are several pleasing directorial touches, such as the scene showing the contrasting faces of sleepy passengers by the light of flashes from the street-car's disconnected trolley pole. It is pleasant to meet people such as these films portray.

GERALD PRATLEY.

## Music Review

► BARBARA PENTLAND'S new one-act chamber opera, *The Lake*, recently performed on CBC Wednesday Night, is a powerful, skilfully wrought work, which deserves not merely to be repeated on the radio but also to be taken up by theatrical groups for stage performance.

The libretto, by Dorothy Livesay, concerns the relation between the world of white settlers and Okanagan Indians in the British Columbia of 1873. The four characters are the forty-year old John Allison, his wife Susan, the half-breed Johnny MacDougall, and the Indian servant Marie. The fifth character is a lake monster whose depredations started long ago when he devoured an Indian mad with white man's gold, back in the early days of the settlement. The plot centres around a trip across the lake which John wishes to take for supplies one stormy night. After he departs, his pregnant wife sits looking out over the water, while Marie tells her story of the ideal primitive happiness of the Indians, the coming of the white man, and the beginning of the monster's ravages. Susan, in the half light of evening, is terrified to see the monster gliding along the water, and hurries down to the shore. Meanwhile, John's boat has been forced to shore by the waves (as he thinks), or by the monster (as MacDougall, who has appeased it by throwing overboard a pig and a hen, thinks). On returning to the cottage, they are surprised to find Susan gone, but she answers to their call. Finally, Marie, Susan and MacDougall persuade John not to attempt the trip that night. He is still unconvinced of the monster's existence, but gives in to three against one, and the opera ends with a quartet expressing hope for their future in this land.

Each of the four characters belongs in a different way to the world of the frontier—or so it seems to me at first acquaintance with this libretto. John does not believe in the monster, nor has he much sympathy with the ways of the Indians, whose labor is undependable and who are never around when they are needed for the harvest. Marie, from the other side, looks back nostalgically on a golden age before the white man and the degeneration of the Indian which he caused. Johnny MacDougall, the half-breed, makes the best of both worlds, without belonging to either. Susan, however, pregnant with the child of the future, intuitively finds herself in tune with the new-old world which she is making her own. The monster itself belongs neither to the primitive world of Marie's memory nor to the world of the future. But it is really there in the present, created where the society of the white man meets the society of the Indian, and devouring until it is satisfied or appeased.

However, any account of the libretto of this opera and attempt to gauge its emphasis must remain very tentative until the words become more available than the singers of the one performance to date were able to make them.

Of the music I may perhaps be less tentative. The orchestral texture is sharp, lucid and economical. In a characteristic passage, the trumpets and woodwinds deliver short, bright, simple phrases, which mingle with or stand out against a background of sustained string harmonies or abrupt chords. These melodic phrases have a strong family resemblance (for all I know they may be derived from Indian tunes)

and are generally straightforward and diatonic in their intervals. The texture of the whole opera is very tightly organized. Early in Susan's first monologue, for example, many of the thematic fragments out of which the opera is woven have already been stated. These are, as I have suggested, brief and simple: the three notes of a triad, a rising staccato scale of seven notes, a rocking arpeggio theme (later used as a rhythmic accompaniment), etc., etc. These thematic fragments keep recurring in new and interesting contexts. Thus, although the work does have continuity and spaciousness, this breadth is a matter of the background and total effect, not of the melodic articulation, which is shortbreathed and austere uninventive in a manner reminiscent of some of Aaron Copland's works.

In its lyrical moments the vocal line is somewhat like the instrumental, but it keeps varying back and forth between song and speech rhythms. I am uncertain whether the somewhat pompous quality of much of John's recitative—not casual or rapid enough for speech and not melodic enough for song—is an intentional part of the characterization or not. The singer on Wednesday Night delivered remarks like "That's my Susan for you, always wanting her man home," or "Oh, here you are at last Mac," with a sustained emphasis that made me, for one, wish for a little of the dry recitative of *opera buffa*. However, any frontier settler who would talk of "wearing apparel" instead of clothes would certainly be capable of the recitative which Miss Pentland gives him, and which certainly distinguishes him from the other characters in a way appropriate to the plot.

Perhaps it is such dramatic values that the mere radio listener is likely to misinterpret and that might be better revealed on the stage. The Royal Conservatory Opera might well consider *The Lake* for its next season.

MILTON WILSON

## *Under Milk Wood* by Dylan Thomas

A play for voices by the late Dylan Thomas, written for performance over the air in London and New York. It is an evocative description of a Welsh seaport on one day in spring. "Line by line, it falls on the ear to ravish, to awaken afresh, to quicken laughter, and to illuminate the little lives of seaport and people!" *The Observer*.

\$1.75

At your bookseller's

D E N T

## For the Record

In the past three days I've gone to the door  
For milk and the bottle's been full of blood;  
And deep clawmarks on the hardwood floor,  
And a rather smelly sort of mud

Making a mess of the hall. I'm convinced  
It isn't usual, and yesterday  
I phoned the dairy to see if they'd changed  
Their policy. And I must say,

The man who answered was extremely rude,  
As if he would like to strike me  
With a random adjective or an impulsive noun.  
You know, I'm convinced that someone doesn't like me.

Alfred W. Purdy

## Correspondence

The Editor: Mr. Allan Sangster, your radio columnist, has sent me an advance copy of his contribution to the April issue of your magazine.

Mr. Sangster asked whether I wished to check his material for possible errors in fact. Since almost the entire column is one of personal opinion, I feel there is no need for me to comment. Mr. Sangster's opinions are his own.

Frank W. Peers.

Supervisor of Talks and Public Affairs  
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Toronto, Ont.

## Books Reviewed

JAPAN'S ROLE IN SOUTHEAST ASIAN NATIONALIST MOVEMENTS 1940-45: Willard H. Elsabee; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. v+182; \$4.25.

The story begins in 1938 with the latest—and perhaps the last—dream of Japanese expansion, the Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere. It was a bold and imaginative plan, calling for the emancipation, under the hegemony of Japan, of all the countries which we should consider today appropriate members of a Pacific Pact, and for the conquest of Australia and New Zealand. The Asian countries were to enjoy independence on the model of Manchuko. The presumption was that "the countries which Japan was about to occupy were in the first stages of national development and lacked even the social and economic bases to support a strong popular movement" and, therefore, that the force of the nationalist movements could be "turned on and off, now restrained, according to the momentary needs of the ruling power."

The events of the next few years must have seemed a heaven-sent opportunity for putting the plan into execution. Liberation of the enemy's colonies is one of the least objectionable expedients of war—an expedient which the United States, of all countries, should be the last to criticize. It requires, however, great delicacy of touch, and any suggestion of hegemony may be fatal. Inevitably the plan had to be subordinated to the objective of winning the war, and collapsed with the defeat of Japan. It never had to face the exacting tests of peace.

Nationalist leaders in each country did not accept the Japanese estimate of their immaturity but tried to use the Japanese for their own purposes, which never embraced the idea of a Co-Prosperity Sphere. Japan never won loyalty or gratitude. Nationalism was complicated by divisions—the search for the best territorial unit—and by the presence of



minorities which enjoyed some influence with the Japanese because of their links with their home countries—India and China. In the quaint phrase of the author the educated groups were "oriented towards the West," and not sincerely oriental. There were even communist movements. When the end came those national movements which had achieved some autonomy were able to resist any reimposition of Western political control. Perhaps from their standpoint Japan's rôle had been that of a parasite employed to destroy a pest.

The book, like the review, suffers from the compression imposed by the high cost of printing. The theme deserves a more extended study, which the author is well-qualified to undertake. In spite of the handicap, he has done something well worth doing.

H. F. Angus.

**THE SENSE OF WONDER:** Bert Case Diltz; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 279; \$3.75.

This book is both a manifesto and a manual. The first six chapters are a passionate plea for a new idealism (a new romanticism) in the approach to imaginative literature, the reading of which "begins and ends in a wonder at the ineffable," and the last ten are in the main a series of exemplary class lessons in the teaching of individual poems, plays, and prose pieces, including Scripture. The attack is chiefly directed against the distortion of the scientific aim and method, in the name of progressivism, which has resulted in a "functional, pragmatic, depersonalized" education; the plea is for a "creative, personal, organic" teaching and reading, with the teacher of English as the only discernible Moses in our waste land.

As a humble member of the choir, I find the herald angel's singing a bit off-key at times and a bit difficult to follow. "Organic education," we are told, "is God-centred, not pupil-centred." Yet the "consciousness of the existence of God" is to be brought back by gathering "together on a focal point of personal interest the pupil's powers of thought, feeling, imagination, and intuition." Facts and drills are suspect, but we are to cultivate "precision of mind" as well as "love of learning" and "spiritual insights." The progressive educationists are blasted for their jejune and pseudo-scientific treatment of imaginative literature in the schools, with a shot in passing at the "liberal humanists of our day" with their "narrow, functional frame of reference." Yet the spirit of OCE must partly inform the eloquent praise of Christ as the greatest teacher, who "found in ordinary lives the raw materials for his learning situations," who at the age of 12 in talking to the learned doctors "was quite out of his age-group," and whose "approach to all social problems was vertical, not horizontal."

Perhaps it is best to stop carping at the mysterious way in which the sense of wonder moves, and to give Professor Diltz an A for enthusiasm in this call to action on the side of the angels. Certainly stimulating observations are scattered throughout. For example: "The great writers are the sound psychologists. At the secondary-school level a philosophy of life can be acquired more easily and acceptably through the study of great literature than through philosophy or psychology *per se*." Comments like this, the intelligent defence of memorization, and the discussion of whether analysis or reading should come first with a particular poem, all point to experience and can be helpful to the teacher. So too can the detailed examination of individual works that takes up nearly four-fifths of the book. Here of course disagreement over some interpretations will come in, and I for one confess to a sense of unreality (not wonder) in the pat and mature (hypothetical) pupil responses to the teacher's questions in these ideal classes. But the works chosen are of high quality, the exposition is thor-

ough, and teachers of English will benefit from seeing how much *they* at least should be prepared to discover in a given piece of literature. And they should be both cheered and challenged by Professor Diltz's declaration that it is not the "educologist" nor the administrator nor the "psychologist but the teacher of a special subject who best knows the philosophy of that subject." W. Robbins.

**THE ARAB WORLD:** Nejla Izzeddin; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Regnery); pp. xii, 412; \$8.45.

In the light of present world conditions this book is of tremendous importance. Significantly it is written by the first Arab woman to receive a Ph.D. degree, a portent in itself of the deep stirring that is everywhere to be seen in the Arab world: Few people could have been as well-equipped to write on this subject as Dr. Nejla Izzeddin who, after her graduation from Vassar College and the University of Chicago, was for some time Professor of Anthropology at Teachers' College in Baghdad, and who is now specializing in historical research in the Arab field. She writes of her own people and culture from the vantage point of a carefully trained mind and of long experience outside that culture, for nothing is more instructive about one's own native land than the living away from it for a long time.

In the first chapters of her book Dr. Izzeddin describes the geographic environment and the rich cultural heritage of the Arabs. She lays much stress upon the latter; rightly so, since Arab culture is historically one of the great cultures of the world. And it is to this cultural heritage that Arabs today look for the true sources of rational rejuvenation and as the basis for their identity as a people.

The bulk of the book, about three-fourths, is devoted to a discussion of the developments in the Arab world since 1914. Here we have a meticulous and penetrating analysis of the turbulent events that have stirred that strategic sector of the world. Of particular interest is the chapter on Palestine which, though strongly Arab in its inclination, is a remarkably restrained and disciplined discussion. Of great importance, too, are the last three chapters: *Towards Arab Unity*, which deals with the profound urge to political unification among the Arab peoples; *The Powers in the Arab World*, which treats along with other matters the vexed question of the penetration of communism into this region; *The Greater Struggle*, which reveals the basic spiritual and social upheaval within present Arab society.

To anyone who has lived in the Middle East for any length of time the tone of this work rings true. To all those who wish to comprehend the real state of mind in this area, so critical to world peace, this book is a prime necessity. It stands by itself as a first-class insight into the Arab mind, its fears, hopes, and dreams.

Richard M. Saunders.

**EACH AGE IS A DREAM:** L. H. Garstin; Ryerson; pp. 143; \$2.75.

The title of this little book is taken from a poem by Arthur O'Shaughnessy, the nineteenth-century Irish poet, who wrote "for each age is a dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth." This is a highly apposite quote to select as the title of a book subtitled *A Study in Ideologies*, for it points to the context of social change in which ideologies must be understood. Ideologies are, in Mr. Garstin's words, "a complex of suppositions defining the movement of history, pointing out the nature of the development of society and the laws of its motion past, present, and future." It is only in societies inundated by the rising and ebbing tides of history that a need for the comprehensive and articulate ordering of experience provided by an ideology is felt by large numbers of people.

Yet Mr. Garstin's book fails to live up to the promise suggested by his title and by his opening definition of ideology. Throughout the book he advances definitions and develops distinctions only to ignore them thereafter. He uses the term "ideology" itself to refer alternatively to any set of "ultimate values" held in common by a social group, to any systematic social theory—such as that of St. Thomas, Marx, or Major Douglas—which is later chosen by a class, party, or movement to express their political aspirations, and, in the broadest sense of all, to any social order which—as all social orders do in varying degrees—strives to justify its continued existence by claiming that it is predicated by the nature of things.

He maintains, for example, that primitive as well as modern societies have well-developed ideologies, although before their isolation was destroyed by the white man primitive societies were relatively immune to rapid social change and thus lacking in historical consciousness. In suggesting that primitive myths of origin and legends legitimizing property or status systems are the nearest analogues in such societies to the ideologies of historical civilizations, the author is on sound ground. He goes beyond this, however, and identifies Ruth Benedict's concept of "cultural ethos" with ideology. Now the Zuni Indians of Arizona certainly do not verbalize to themselves or others their belief that individuals should be co-operative, sober, and submissive to the group. Stress on these qualities represents a common thread running through their diverse life-activities which is picked up and generalized by the anthropologist rather than by the Zuni themselves; it is not a self-conscious "value premise" on which they base an ideologised justification of their "way of life."

This is only one example of Garstin's continual stretching of his central concept and of his refusal to abide by the discriminations that he himself occasionally makes or at least senses. Another is his tendency to regard thinkers like Adam Smith, Marx, and Veblen as ideologists because social movements were founded in their names. Of these only Marx was concerned "not merely to interpret the world but to change it," and much of his work was in the great tradition of systematic economic thought. Garstin actually makes the error of attributing to *Capital* quotations from *The Communist Manifesto* which was, of course, a call to action to overthrow "the system" and not a theoretical analysis of it.

The refusal to make the necessary distinctions between ideologies, ideas, mass movements, and social institutions mars almost every page of this book and its inadequacies cannot be concealed by piling up quotations from such disparate luminaries as Toynbee, Proust, Pareto, Rebecca West, and Thurman Arnold.

Dennis H. Wrong.

**SOVIET DOCUMENTS ON FOREIGN POLICY 1917-1941:** Volume iii, 1933-1941; selected and edited by Jane Degras; Oxford (Royal Institute of International Affairs); pp. 500; \$6.25.

This is the third and last volume of the Chatham House series, *Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy*. The first volume considered the period 1917-1924 when foreign intervention and civil war were the determining factors of Soviet policy. The second dealt with the 1925-1932 period of so-called peaceful coexistence between East and West. The present volume covers the period from 1933-1941 when the rise of Hitler threatened all of Europe with non-existence.

This is the heroic age of Russian diplomacy, expressed in the League of Nations by the burning idealism of Litvinov. This era 1933 to 1939 is particularly well-documented by Mrs. Degras. Here are requests for Trotsky and assistance for the Spanish Republicans along with protests to Italy on the sinking of Soviet merchant ships. After April 18,

1939, the Soviet Union, rebuffed by Western timidity, enters the age of practical politics. Here we find Molotov's signature on the Nazi-Soviet pact. Making the best of the worst possible alliance Russia rapes Poland in September, transfers Vilna to Lithuania in October, invades Finland in November and is expelled from the League of Nations in December. Then after the bullying of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia and their absorption along with Bessarabia into the U.S.S.R., Stalin's speech of July 3, 1941, ushers back the heroic age.

In these expertly selected documents, the student of Soviet policy can observe the Marxist dialectic put to practice in diplomacy. With no attempt at subtlety Soviet diplomacy has been distinguished by the "volte-face" and, in so many cases, the complete obliteration of principles to expediency. In these three volumes Jane Degras has presented a quite incomparable compilation of Soviet documents. It is pleasing to report that Chatham House will be publishing next a collection of documents on Comintern policy.

David Price.

**SOVIET POLICY IN THE FAR EAST 1944-1951;** Max Beloff; Oxford; pp. 278; \$4.25.

Mr. Beloff, Reader in the Comparative Study of Institutions at the University of Oxford, has a brilliant and well-deserved reputation as an expert on Soviet foreign policy. His factual and well-informed studies on *The Foreign Policy of Soviet Russia 1929-1941* are read and admired by every student of international affairs. It is, therefore, with a certain disappointment that the admirer of Mr. Beloff will lay down his new book *Soviet Policy in the Far East 1944-1951*. This is not to say that the volume is not scholarly, accurate and objective to a high degree. It is—and quite invaluable. But after reading Mrs. Degras' intelligent compilation of Soviet documents, Mr. Beloff's technique of inserting document after document, fact after fact, quotation after quotation into an almost impossibly objective narrative suffers by contrast. The scholar would wish a compendium, the general reader a definite narrative—not both or neither.

And for a correct historical perspective of Soviet policy in the Far East is not 1951 too unreliably recent? Mrs. Degras stops at 1941 and even then the documents are by no means complete. Mr. Beloff throughout his book apologizes for his inability to draw conclusions from the facts because so many of the links are missing. This, of course, is not Mr. Beloff's fault. It is remarkable that the book is so readable and so distinguished considering what Mr. Beloff did not have to work with.

David Price.

**STUDIES IN MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE AND THOUGHT:** British Book Service (Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge, 1953); \$1.25 each.

**SARTRE: ROMANTIC RATIONALIST:** Iris Murdoch; pp. 78.

**RIVIERE (JACQUES):** Martin Turnell; pp. 64

**MISTRAL:** Rob Lyle; pp. 68.

These three slender volumes from a recently founded series are tastefully bound, and printed on excellent paper in such small and serried (though quite legible) type that they contain as much material as the average book twice their size. The selection before us is a rather random grouping, consisting of one prominent contemporary, the existentialist philosopher-novelist-dramatist Sartre, a representative of post-World-War-One thought in Rivière, once editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, (who died in 1925), and a hoary, old Romantic, the Provençal poet Mistral (about whom one feels like asking the Molièresque question, what is he doing in this galley?)

These diverse writers are competently and sometimes brilliantly discussed by critics who are thoroughly steeped in their subjects, sympathetic to them on the whole, yet critically vigilant. The one which the average reader will find most accessible is Rob Lyle's *Mistral*, which discusses not only his poetry but his political ideas and influence. These latter had a decidedly Rightist coloring, which is usually not sufficiently stressed in writings about Mistral. (The author's translations from Mistral's poetry are not of high quality, but he gives the originals in an appendix.) The redoubtable Sartre is treated by a critic almost as redoubtable as himself. Her analysis of Existentialism is couched in the close-textured and sometimes "rébarbatif" prose that characterizes contemporary philosophico-literary criticism (I want to avoid the insulting term "jargon" which is sometimes on the tip of my tongue); but, as far as this reviewer can judge from her treatment of those aspects of Sartre with which she has any familiarity (his novels and plays), she speaks out of profound study of her subject, and, despite all obscurities, enlightenment keeps breaking through. Mr. Turnell (well-known for previous studies in French literature such as *The Classical Moment* and *The Novel in France*) writes subtle criticism of a subtle critic, but his style is much more attractive than Miss Murdock's. He admires his author, but refuses to be carried away by him. Nevertheless, one has the feeling that, even so, both these critics tend to inflate two thinkers already over-rated by their contemporaries.

A. F. B. Clark.

#### ENGLAND YOUR ENGLAND AND OTHER ESSAYS:

George Orwell, British Book Service (Secker and Warburg); pp. 224; \$3.00.

George Orwell was probably one of the most intelligent and original writers that England has produced in this century. That his talents have won wide recognition is strange when you consider that he did most of his writing in the form of essays—an ephemeral and rather out-dated literary form. He is most widely known for his two anti-totalitarian novels, *Animal Farm* and *1984*, but his best and most characteristic writing is found in his many short essays on a variety of subjects, some of which are still being collected and published in book form. This present collection contains eleven pieces written between 1937 and 1948, and published originally in several small magazines. The subjects are familiar: the writer in modern society, poverty, industrialism, anti-Semitism, and nationalism, but the treatment is far from familiar. Orwell's genius lay in the fact that he never wrote anything without examining his subject as though he were seeing it for the first time. He wrote directly of what he himself saw and felt, and he analyzed ideas with the cold objectivity of a first-class mind. But though his mind was objective, his writing was not coldly scientific. Orwell was involved in humanity, and a warm sympathy breathes through everything he wrote. This combination of an analytical mind, a fresh approach, and a love of people resulted in some of the best social and political writing of our age. This book gives a good cross-section of the subjects he was thinking about during and just after the second world war.

Edith Fowke.

#### THE COLOUR AS NAKED: Patrick Anderson; McClelland & Stewart (Indian File No. 6); pp. 93; \$2.75.

There is probably a way in which a poet's passport may matter to his readers as well as to immigration officers. Patrick Anderson is said by his publishers to have "identified himself with Canada in 1940," as if he might have had a narrow escape from identifying himself with something else. The pleasant thing, however, about his Canadian landscapes is not that they are Canadian but that, wherever they are, they are being seen by an outsider.

Time-slots are deceptive too. Though Anderson's poetry often wears a turtle-necked sweater, echoes Dylan Thomas, or rolls its eyes like George Barker, it just as often shows a more real affinity with Tennyson in a lotus-eating mood, or with Wordsworth.

"... Then the tree  
comes in upon one, blows. And yet it is  
not a great wind, scarcely a wind at all,  
simply a vastness moving, where Stonehenge  
was planted once: the grey upon the green ..."

Of course, it would never have occurred to Wordsworth to begin the lines in lower-case.

And yet, especially in the two volumes of poetry that preceded *The Colour As Naked*, Anderson made deliberate gestures toward identifying himself with the collective works of the protest laureate of the Thirties, "where the dream is political." In the present book a pastiche called *For Dylan Thomas* is perhaps an obituary for the poet and certainly, in a different way, one for the period:

"you are the corner beggar that calls my hair  
and wears the windy rags  
of my dumb still innocent back for the age's sorrow—  
remembering how you came in time of war  
through the fall of France and the lies and the rotting  
armies ..."

There is almost a nostalgia for the time when destruction seemed permanent. But this nervous journalism is replaced in most of the later poems by something like domestic tranquillity. Little people can be offspring as well as pupils, and perhaps big people can, without the poet's feeling too guilty about it, be granted a final validity apart from their social potential.

When this kind of passivity overpowers Anderson's activist conscience, as it seems increasingly to do, it may produce a degree of boredom as well as of relief in the reader.

"Ah quel ennui,  
Quelle Vie  
Beside the sea to watch the harum scarum  
Rush after Brooke and Masefield (they adore 'em).  
I write, at times, for the Canadian Forum ..."

Alan Brown

#### WHO KILLED GRAMMAR?: Harry R. Warfel; Univ. of Florida Press; \$3.25.

*Who Killed Grammar* has little to offer either mystery lovers or those seriously concerned about the supposed crisis in the ability of recent high-school graduates to express themselves—though it affords a certain specious solace to the latter. Mr. Warfel has written a very clever book, but when viewed closely it appears, in effect if not in intention, as propaganda for that alarmed and confused group of belletrists who in recent years have sought without justice to pin upon working linguists the total blame for the failure of college freshmen to write rich beautiful prose.

Mr. Warfel does a passable job of describing the state of confusion into which English teachers have been thrown by the impact of recent linguistic research, but the value of this is lost in the phony forensics with which he tries to indict C. C. Fries of the University of Michigan, one of the most prominent and energetic structural linguists to have a direct influence upon teachers' professional organizations. By partial quotation and by inserting "interpretation" in supposed paraphrase Mr. Warfel seeks to make the accused seem somehow responsible for the whole mess in today's everyday letters.

Going beyond the scope of his title, Mr. Warfel adds a final chapter with the hopeful heading, "What to do about it." But beyond his first principle "that vituperation accom-



panying narrow partisanship should end"—to which he might have added a corollary demanding objectivity and fairness in quoting rival schools—he offers little that cannot be found even in the writings of the "archfiend" himself. After a second principle which is only a rhapsody on the "heritage of language," he makes some sensible suggestions and, in passing, de-Nazifies Mr. Fries sufficiently to use him as a leader and exemplar in research.

Nowhere in this book is there any suggestion that there may be more needed than the teaching of "grammar" (however defined) to make the educated human articulate in prose. There must be other ingredients in education which make their contribution to effective writing; for we know that up to the age of solemn silliness, misnamed "Reason," even the great masters of English literature were untaught in the "grammar" of their own tongue. But that, no doubt, is another story—and a deeper mystery.

Rex Wilson.

WHAT PRICE ISRAEL: Alfred Lilienthal; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Regnery); pp. viii, 274; \$5.15.

In 1949 Alfred Lilienthal commanded wide attention with his article, "Israel's Flag Is Not Mine," which appeared in the *Reader's Digest*. For the first time a large number of people were made aware of the severe cleavage within the Jewish world between Zionists and non-Zionists. Now in this book, *What Price Israel*, Mr. Lilienthal presents in full dress the protest of the non-Zionist Jew against the nationalism of the Zionist.

The main theme of the book concerns the bitter position in which all Jews outside of Israel have been placed by the extreme claims of Zionist nationalism which regards Jews everywhere as belonging to one "Jewish nation." For the Jew this raises the question of national loyalty in a distressing way, making it necessary for each Jew to ask himself: To what nation do I really owe allegiance—to the one in which I live or to Israel? "Israelism" has in fact become "a new religion," a national creed which competes with the true religion of Judaism that is universal and non-national. The injection of this new nationalism into the world picture has not only disrupted the Jews but has bedeviled U.S. politics, blinding U.S. leaders to their real interests in the Middle East; has made for bad feeling and profound misunderstandings between the U.S. and Great Britain; and has upset international peace and harmony for years. Throughout the development of his argument the author makes an emphatic plea for his fellow Jews to face the facts.

As a serious presentation of a previously neglected but very important aspect of the world scene this book deserves careful attention.

Richard M. Saunders.

SAINTE-MARIE AMONG THE HURONS. Wilfrid Jury and Elsie McLeod Jury; Oxford University Press; pp. 128; \$3.50.

During the years 1948-1951 Wilfrid Jury, archeologist from the University of Western Ontario, with the help of his wife, Elsie McLeod Jury, directed the excavation of the site of Fort Sainte-Marie, central Residence of the Jesuit Mission to the Huron Indians, 1639-1649, and headquarters of Brébeuf and his brethren. This account by Professor and Mrs. Jury is mostly concerned with the methods of excavation, the actual findings, and the deductions and reconstructions based on such findings when added to the scanty factual material from *The Jesuit Relations*.

Built in 1639 on the southern shores of Georgian Bay, Sainte-Marie was the strongest of the little French forts in the Huron country and from it the missionaries went forth to minister to the Indians. Ten years later when Father Lalemont, Superior of the Mission, and Father Jean

de Brébeuf were captured and put to death by the hostile Iroquois, the remaining Jesuits dismantled Sainte-Marie and fled, but not before burning to the ground the buildings so laboriously constructed. The exact nature and extent of the settlement remained a mystery until recent times. The surprising thing that emerged as the excavation progressed was the size of the fort, together with its solid, careful construction. Probably the most remarkable find from the viewpoint of the archeologist was the remains of a canal with three locks: "undoubtedly," say the authors, "the first artificial waterway with locks to be built in the New World."

The dramatic story of the Mission to the Hurons has been told elsewhere both in prose and poetry, but for those who want proofs this volume supplies the data. The book is illustrated and has an attractive dust jacket with a wood-engraving by Julius Griffith.

A. P.

CLASS, STATUS AND POWER: edited by Reinhard Bendix and Seymour Martin Lipset; Burns and MacEachern (The Free Press); pp. 725; \$6.75.

For the first time an enormous range of worthwhile writings on social stratification have been brought together in one volume. It would be a shame if the subtitle — "A Reader in Social Stratification"—were to discourage those people who associate the genus "reader" with collections meant only to supplement university courses. Considering the scope and quality of this volume, and the current interest in the problems it treats, it should be made known widely outside academic circles.

The sixty-one selections have been chosen with discrimination, but with catholic standards in regard to the differences in theoretical position which come out so clearly when social class is discussed. Viewpoints as disparate as those of Adam Smith, Karl Marx, Talcott Parsons and Lloyd Warner are included. The editors' choice of writings is notable because it manifests an awareness of problems of power and conflict in stratified systems which is conspicuously lacking in the work of some present day sociologists. The fact that a majority of the writers and of the empirical materials are contemporary and American reflects the relatively large amount of research to-day in that country. The editors do include selections dealing with Russia, China, France, the Balkans and some other areas; they would, they assert, have included more good comparative materials if these existed. The reviewer who would display his erudition by citing omissions is out-played by the editors, who explain that high royalty charges have made many desirable selections unobtainable.

P.J.G.

JOHN MASEFIELD: Muriel Spark; Copp, Clark; pp. 85; \$3.00.

"Those to whom objects seem friendly and who enjoy the kaleidoscopic panorama of the outside world, feel no need of an absolute," says Aldous Huxley in *Proper Studies*. According to Muriel Spark, the writer of this book, the description fits John Masefield, "for he is not a theorist." The foregoing assumption has made Miss Spark's task much simpler than it might otherwise have been.

Mr. Masefield first became widely known in 1911 with the publication of *The Everlasting Mercy*, a long narrative poem dealing with the spiritual conversion of a tough English rustic. It is one of the three poems dealt with in this study. Although it contains some incredibly bad lines, its originality in the use of ordinary speech in rhythmic arrangement was unique at the time of Masefield's emergence—forty years ago. We are now well acquainted with the use that Eliot and Fry make of this device, and—as a comparison of similar passages will show—they are more successful than was Masefield. Miss Spark makes her case for Masefield on the

merits of vitality, ability to tell a story in verse and on his originality in the use of common speech as poetic speech. She believes that the last mentioned aspect of his work has contributed to enlarging the scope of English narrative verse, although Masefield's type of work is no longer a literary fashion.

With *Reynard The Fox* Masefield reached his peak. Its movement, suspense and swift exciting description give him his place as a sort of latter day disciple of Chaucer. Miss Spark calls it "a classic of its kind."

Accustomed as we are to contemporary criticism with its insistence on what *Partisan Review* terms the "exploitations of meaning and multiplicities of reference" this study is strangely two-dimensional. The approach to Mr. Masefield himself is so discreet as to be lifeless, and the analysis of the work is of decidedly limited interest. This book would probably have its uses as a supplementary text in secondary school English courses, but offers little to the general reader unless he be a Masefield enthusiast. **H.T.K.**

THE WOMAN WITH THE WHIP: EVA PERON: Maria Flores; Doubleday; pp. 286; \$4.00.

This is the tragic story of a woman who dedicated her energy and psychotic will to a fantasy, and rose to fantastic heights of power in a country where women didn't even have the right to vote. Of a peaceful country "so prosperous that with a reasonably honest Government there might easily have been achieved throughout the country a standard of living higher than any in the world, not excluding the U.S."

Eva Peron was born in a dreary pueblo in Buenos Aires, and in her twenties was cracking the whip over the country. Labor, government, radio networks, newspapers, were directly or indirectly under her control, but although she could have arrested them and humiliated them, she could never force her worst enemies, the oligarchy, to accept her as a social equal. Her obsessive ambition finally drove her country and herself to destruction.

The main character is dynamic, the setting colorful, the drama strong, but the book sometimes buckles under the weight of detail. In spite of this, the story, honestly told, manages to maintain reader interest. It makes an important contribution to the understanding of a weird piece of history which, we hope, cannot happen here.

**F. Kahan.**

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN WETHERELL: edited by C. S. Forester; Doubleday; pp. 3 \$5.50.

John Wetherell had but nicely finished his seven years' apprenticeship as a merchant seaman when the Royal Navy decided his services were required by His Majesty in the war against Napoleon. Consequently he was seized by a press gang and carried aboard H.M.'s frigate *Hussar*. It is from here that this volume of his diary begins.

Even for those times, Captain Wilkinson was surely outstanding for his brutish disciplining, and Wetherell gives constant vent to his indignation against such a man. Such were the horrors he describes that we say with Wetherell, "God help sailors".

In January of 1803 the *Hussar* was wrecked on the Saints' Islands—wilfully by the captain, if Wetherell is to be taken seriously. There follows a delightful account of the crew entering the little French fishing village with great pomp of life and drum. The terrified inhabitants fled behind rocks for safety, except the Governor, himself a fisherman, who was finally discovered under his bed.

Having taken possession of the fishing fleet at the suggestion of the Governor who was thereby absolved from reporting the enemy's arrival to the mainland, the crew embarked and made sail to reach some cruising British ship.

However, they met a French one, and were made prisoners forthwith.

Over a period of weeks the prisoners are marched from town to town, receiving good treatment and bad, until they arrive at Givet Prison where they are to spend the next ten years.

Although the disappointments, illnesses and deaths are many, the prisoners relieve boredom by commencing a 'school' where they have lessons not only in navigation, arithmetic, and drawing, but also on the fiddle. They employ themselves as shoe-makers, tailors, barbers, and such for the town's people. The prison becomes known as Givet Collège, repository of the Arts and Sciences!

At the beginning of 1814 they are sent from the prison before the oncoming Russian and English armies. This is a joyful account. The townsmen welcome them, listen to their news, treat them generously, and they in turn give great delight wherever they go with the music of their band. During the course of this march, Louis is proclaimed king and Wetherell and his companions return to their own country as free men.

The book is a delight to read, even to the bits of doggerel verse in which Wetherell indulges (in common, it seems to me, with many seamen of that century) and contains charming illustrations by the author. **S. Lambert.**

A WRITER'S DIARY: Virginia Woolf; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 372; \$3.75.

This book, we are told in a preface by Leonard Woolf, is only a fragment of the diaries Virginia Woolf kept from 1915 until her death in 1941. But, he says, it "throws light upon Virginia Woolf's intentions, objects and methods as a writer." Insofar as this is true the diary is of great interest to students of literature generally, and possibly even to those who read Mrs. Woolf's books with less serious intent. In the pages of her journal she did occasionally sketch ideas for her novels, she tried out words and sentences, and she also put down what she thought about the work of other authors. Creative writing, however, to Virginia Woolf was both a joy and an agony and perhaps the strongest impression one gets from the diary is of these moods of ecstasy and despair. She recorded the reception of her novels by the critics, forever being hurt by lack of understanding and forever trying to steel herself against their barbs. It is with some amusement this reviewer notes how often the "interpreters" of the work of Virginia Woolf, not being privy to her thoughts, have been as wide of the mark as any common reader. **A.P.**

THE KIND OF ACT OF: Robert Greeley; Contact Press (The Divers Press); pp. 20; \$1.00.

PROENSA: Paul Blackburn; Contact Press (The Divers Press); pp. 50; \$1.50.

The smart if not too durable format—heavy paper, hand-set type—attracts the reader wearied by encounter with much mediocre verse to look hopefully in these two volumes for fresh stimulation. The amount he finds depends on his individual taste; this reader at least was not disappointed.

Mr. Greeley has appeared in several "little" magazines, including *Contact*. The sixteen poems in this small collection are brief; technically very well-done; often surprisingly lyrical. While the importance of their content may be debatable, they repay considerable re-reading, even if the over-all mood seems expressed in the final couplet of "For An Anniversary":

"We will both be miserable  
but no one is damned."

Mr. Blackburn's translations from the Provençal troubadours of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries,

notably Peire Vidal, as translations are beyond the scope of this reviewer to judge though it may be noted he has made no attempt to follow the exact rhyme and metre patterns of the songs. Will that bother anyone? At least they are delightful reading, and while modern in style transport across nearly a thousand years of time the color and flavor of the days when men followed the Joyous Craft. The notes on the authors of the original poems well sustain the mood of the book.

A. M.

**SHADOW IN SAFFRON:** G. R. Fazakerley; Longmans, Green; pp. 222; \$2.25.

Set against the colorful background of Ceylon this is an absorbing tale of the tragic outcome of a boy's revolt against the superstitions and popular beliefs of his community. Because of a series of strange coincidences the abbot of the local buddhist monastery believes Perumal, the son of a peasant, to be the reincarnation of a beloved priest and, moreover, destined for buddha-hood. The boy's tutor, who knows this belief to be based on false evidence but finds himself unable to declare it, satisfies his jealousy and fear by tormenting the child. Although Perumal makes several futile attempts to free himself from this religious tyranny, it is not until he reaches adolescence that he is obsessed with a desire to prove that his divinity is a myth. In order to verify this the boy indulges in every form of dissipation and violence. Although Perumal's immorality eventually frees him from the power of the monastery it does not grant him the happiness for which he has been seeking but instead plunges the community into a chaos of terror and destruction.

The author's treatment of this singular plot is excellent. The abbot's fervor and determination create an oppressive atmosphere of suffocation which is never quite relieved but only enhanced by the vivid descriptions of the intolerable heat and the stale odor of flowers and religious offerings in the shrine. Moreover, the contrast between the half-crazed actions of Perumal and the silent expressionless movements of the priests augments the feeling of desperation which prevails throughout the tale.

Judith Livingston

**POETIC PROCESS: AN ESSAY IN POETICS:** George Whalley; British Book Service; pp. 256; \$4.25.

Poetic theory is haunted by the hard terms of psychological criticism and its interest in the mind of the poet and the poem's images rather than in what used to be called the fable or action of poetry. Professor Whalley carries on the now dominant Coleridgean tradition of "exploring" poetry in terms of theory of perception and of writing about it in a style which is at once brilliant and turgid. Of course, the subject is hard, but Professor Whalley does not spare the reader. His method is disconcerting. He rightly calls his work an *essay* in poetics, for it is written in the tradition of the essay as a trial by aphorism, and he reserves the right to approach his subject from whatever direction will let light fall on the paths to the mind's darkest corners. Where there is no coherence there must be illumination, or so he seems to argue. To Professor Whalley's credit his essay is scattered with fields of light.

To justify the most impressive claim that can be made for poetry, that it embodies reality, Professor Whalley distinguishes between two ways of the mind and their characteristic processes of articulation. The technical way is logic; the contemplative way is poetic. The first ends with an abstract diagram of conclusions built from propositions. The second ends with a poem built of images. By equating poetry with a "primitive prelogical way of knowing, characteristically perceptual and physical," Professor Whalley argues for its engagement with reality, its feeling for and feeling of an event.

He recognizes that he must give his term *reality* a "meaning beyond a mere gesture of applause," but applause is heard throughout. His essay remains for the most part "a plea" that we realize that the vision of reality comes only to the poets, not the experts but the pure in heart.

It is fair to add that there is much beyond theory of perception here. There are chapters on metaphor, allegory, music, and rhythm; but no skeleton outline can do justice to his anatomy of poetry which is a sensitive and subtle body of observations.

E. W. Mandel.

**THE BALLET ANNUAL:** edited by Arnold L. Haskell; Macmillan; pp. 144; \$4.00.

For the ever-increasing ballet audience in Canada, as well as for the dancers themselves, Arnold Haskell's 8th *Ballet Annual* is rewarding. The contents include articles by critics and choreographers, reviews of performances in London by English and foreign ballet companies in the 1952-53 season, and summaries of ballet in France, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Greece, Yugoslavia, the United States and Australia. It is to be hoped that in the near future Canadian companies will be considered worthy of notice. The volume is illustrated with 130 photographs.

A.P.

### Our Contributors

SID BLUM recently took his M.A. in sociology at the University of Toronto and is now engaged in educational work in the labor movement. He spent a week in the Porcupine gold mining district observing the strike . . . CHESTER DUNCAN is with the department of English, University of Manitoba . . . KENNETH PATRICK WATSON, of Toronto, took his M.A. in English at the University of Toronto in 1953 and, during 1952-53 was on the teaching staff of Queen's University . . . DENNIS H. WRONG is a sociologist on the Staff of Rutgers University. He lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

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